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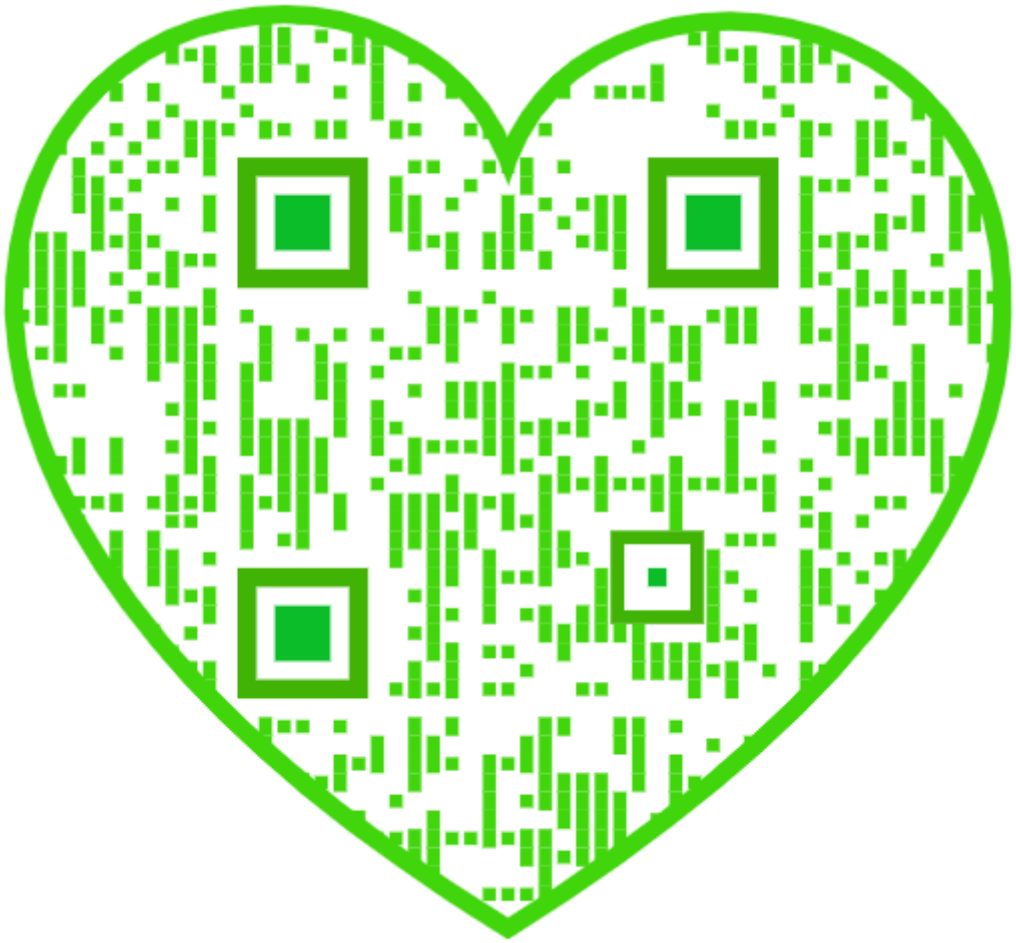

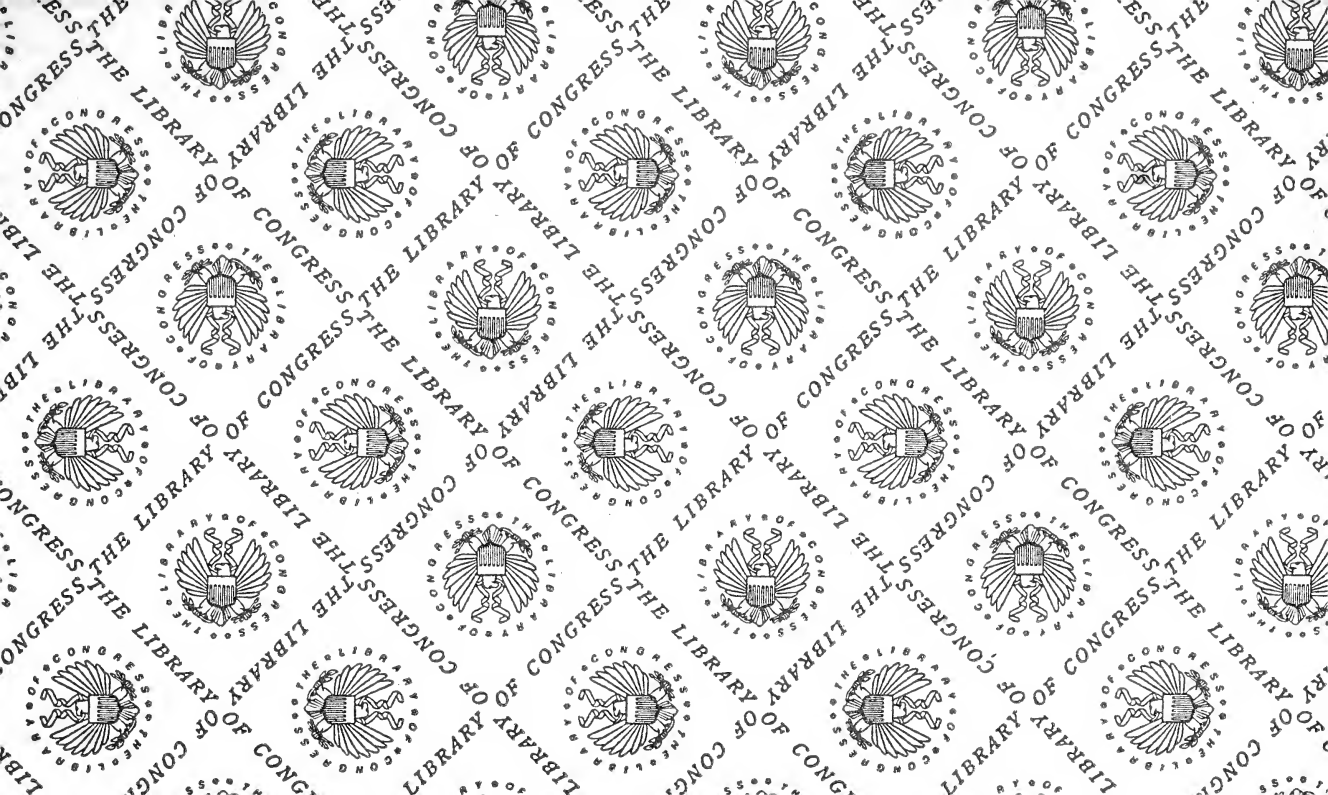
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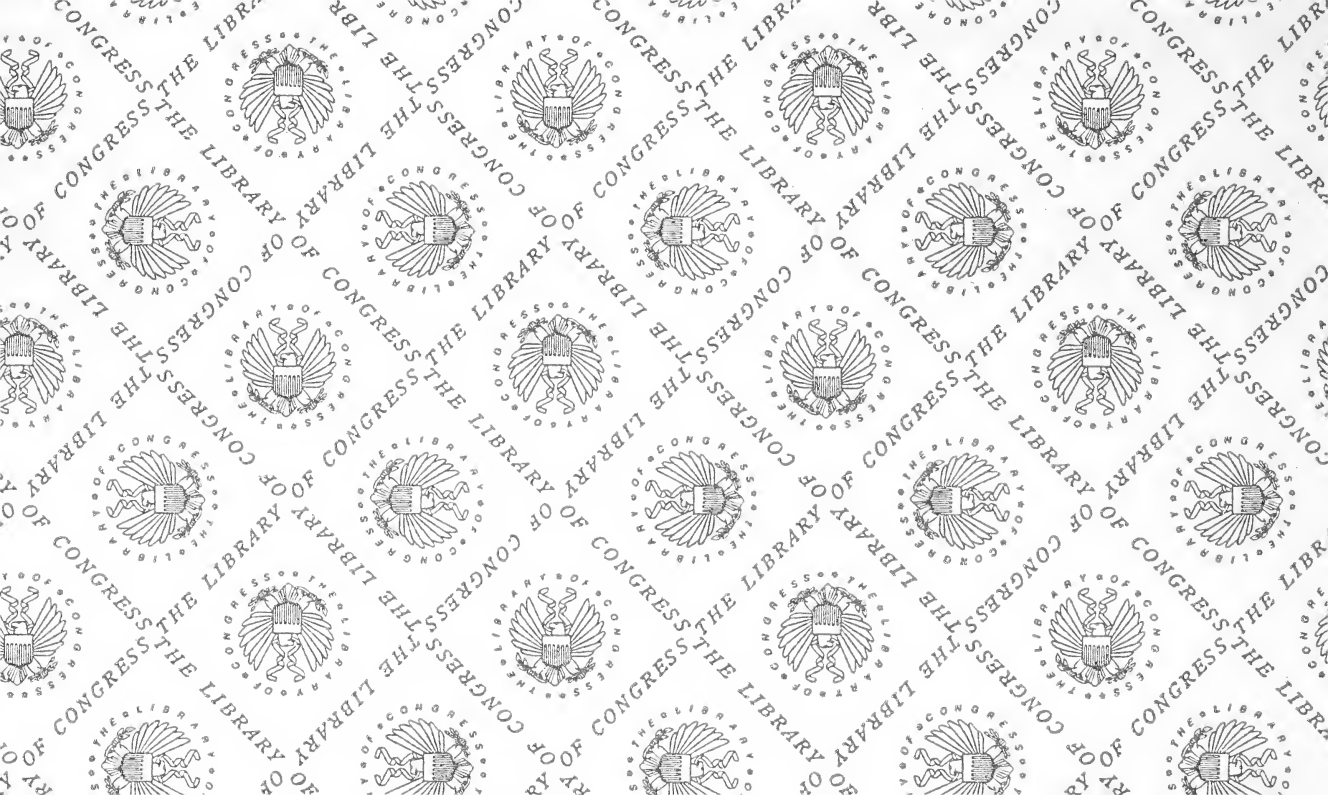
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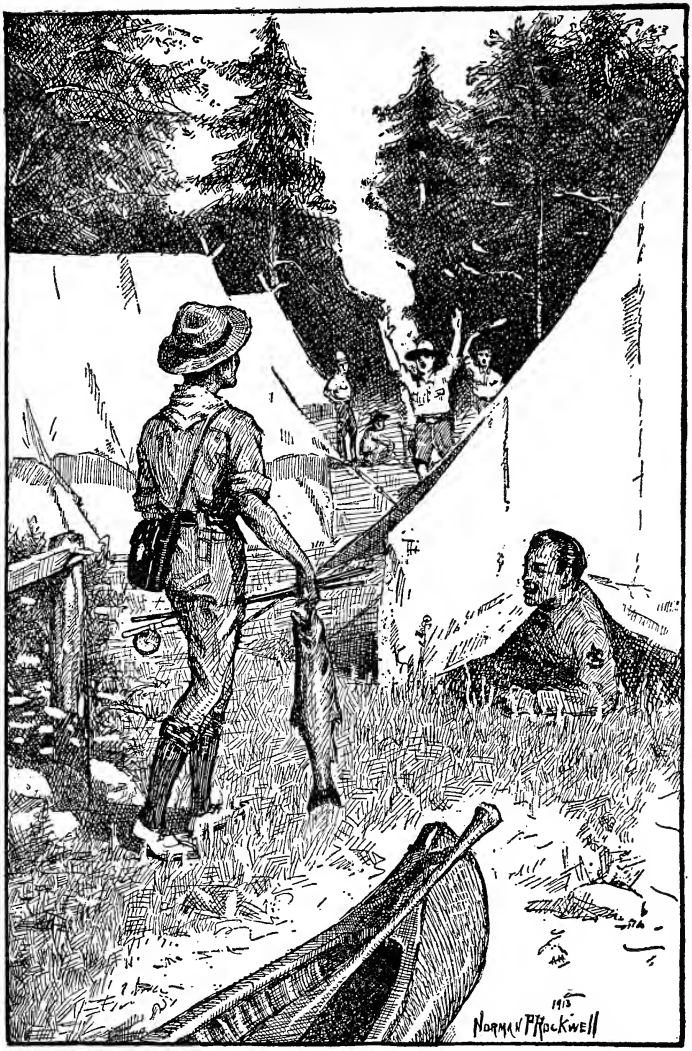
THE BOY'S CAMP BOOK



"IT IS NOT ALL OF SCOUTING TO SCOUT"

Admitting modesty is a good Boy Scout virtue, who would deny a fellow in a fix like this the right to step a trifle high?

THE BOY'S CAMP BOOK

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344

A GUIDEBOOK BASED UPON THE ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF A BOY SCOUT TROOP; THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF HANDY VOLUMES OF INFORMATION AND INSPIRATION

By
EDWARD CAVE

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1914

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TO MY MOTHER

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INTRODUCTION

SOME fifteen years ago we began to discover in our big cities that we were suffering from too much civilization, too much indoor life. A "back to the country" movement sprang up, and has since grown to tremendous proportions. This has been augmented in many ways that need not be enumerated; it is sufficient to say that last of all came the Boy Scout movement and did for the boys of the country what the men were doing for themselves — and more. This being a boy's book, we will cut across lots and proceed to make camp on that spot in the whole proposition in which every boy is most interested.

The boys of the country — and of the world, for that matter — did not need to have a movement come along to whet their interest in camping out. All they wanted was a chance. The truth is, the average boy has not lived long enough to have suffered any particular warp of interest in the things that camping out stands for. To him too much civilization has only assumed the proportions of a tether, whereas to the average man it has become a harness. The boy is like the young, unbroken colt, with all its love of freedom. And he has to be "broken" to the restraints of our ultra-civilization, just as the colt has to be broken to harness. Therefore, it is not necessary in this book to make the usual appeal found in most handbooks on camping, urging the reader to get out and have some of the life that is good for him. We know he is interested — in fact, much of the time itching to "put in his oar" or grab a rope and show

us he knows what to do with it in a case such as we may be discussing. For his good, however, we will attach to him something in the nature of the head-stall or halter that goes on the colt, as above mentioned, so we can catch him when it seems necessary to impress him with the fact that he is not wholly free to follow his own inclinations. This tether we will call Caution, its chief purpose being to keep him out of difficulties.

It perhaps is unfortunate that the title of this book is not more explanatory of the exact nature of the contents; for it is not devoted to the entire subject of camping, as some may suppose. If this is so, the same, in a measure, may be said of the previous volume, "The Boy Scout's Hike Book," which, however, will be found to contain more than its title may imply. Yet I doubt if a more practical division of the material in the two books could be made. Therefore, I must trust to the judgment of the reader, which, I believe, will in most cases tell him that "The Boy Scout's Hike Book" must necessarily contain chapters on camping out on hikes, and the subject thus having been covered, there is nothing left but to devote this volume entirely to the annual encampment. Inasmuch as the latter is the event of the year, it will be self-evident to every boy that nothing less than a complete book could do it justice. As to whether this book *is* complete and *does* do the subject justice — why, that is quite a different matter! I'll have to leave it to Jim.

Mamaroneck, N. Y. EDWARD CAVE.
February 18, 1914.

THE BOY'S CAMP BOOK

CHAPTER I

CAMPING OUT

CAMPING out represents the height of liberty. One might even get a pretty fair rhetorical effect by likening the camp-fire to the torch which the figure of Liberty holds on high. And it is the best kind of liberty for a boy. Now, with the statement as to the tether, in the Introduction, fresh in mind, you no doubt think I am going to tie a dreary old bow-knot of "best for you" on your "halter of Caution." Don't worry! My "halter" concerns your healthy all-around development.

Perhaps you have thought of camping out and outdoor life as affecting only your physical self, insofar as it does you good. You may have thought it helps you to grow bigger and stronger, and that is about all, except for the practical things you learn and the fun you have. But it is doubtful if you ever have considered camp life as a stepping-stone to greatness in the world of men. And so I am going to repeat for you, with a few minor changes, an editorial of mine about liberty and living and play that pays.

. . . . . .

Looking Ahead. — When a boy begins to read and learn about all the great achievements that have been accomplished by men who in their own time were themselves ordi-

nary boys, in ordinary circumstances, he quite naturally does a good deal of wondering concerning what the future holds in store for him. And he perhaps thinks of the knowledge he must acquire, the brain discipline he must undergo, before he can even reach the first stepping-stone to greatness. In brief, it all seems to be a battle for the brain.

It is not a bad thing, therefore, for a boy to learn as early and as thoroughly as possible that without the aid of muscle the finest brain would be about as useful as that of a wooden Indian.

The saying that "Muscle maketh the man" was never more true than it is to-day. For, although one does not have to be a Hercules these days to become great, we are living in such a strenuous age that we require a lot of energy. And muscle provides all our energy; without it we would be worse off than the jelly-fish, which every boy knows is the limit of spinelessness. Without muscle all our wonder-workers would be of less use to the world than so many pumpkins. They could not communicate the smallest thoughts to us, and, for that matter, could not even exist; for that wonderful mainspring of the human body, the heart, is all muscle.

The Best Exercise. — To the average person the word "play" suggests amusement. But play has a deeper meaning and a richer purpose than a mere pastime. It is the means by which the senses and the muscles are the most harmoniously and healthfully developed. And as 70 per cent. of the brain is devoted to, consequently built up by, the exercise of the senses and the control of the muscles, it is plain as daylight that there can be no other possible result than that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Think a minute and it is easy to understand why play — and by that I mean the romping kind — has such a good effect upon the senses and the muscles. "Start something" and you can *feel* it. It is like a strong stimulant and keys you up to concert pitch, as it were. You call it a feeling of fun, and undoubtedly would say it comes from your thoughts. But all the while this exultation that makes your blood bound and your eyes shine comes from the senses and the muscles being thrown into the high gear by play. That is all there is to it.

Every thoughtful boy will realize that there is a pretty good reason for everything in nature. Then, what about the play indulged in by the young of both wild and domestic animals? Do young foxes, young bears, kittens, and colts romp and play as the result of their *thoughts?* How about the young pigs, the calves, the lambs, the fawns of the wild deer that a few lucky woodsmen have seen at their sprightly gambols, and even the wolf-pups, whose grim parents are about as playful as a rattlesnake? If perhaps you are not sure that these young animals are incapable of thinking, why do they cease to play when they become grown? If their play is the result of a purely mental desire for amusement, why in the world do they lose all desire for such amusement when they mature? Finally, isn't it pretty apt to be the case that the growing senses and muscles of these animals demand exercise that is best supplied by play?

Nature Knows Best. — It is good to do a little thinking about fundamentals once in a while. Otherwise, we are apt to fall into the habit of trying to improve on nature, having made so many wonderful improvements along other lines. This matter of preparing one's self as a boy for

achieving success as a man offers a good case in point. On the face of it, from a boy's point of view playing rough-house, for example, hasn't about it anything to commend it as preparation for a business career. The average parent's opinion added to this, to say nothing of that of the school-teacher, would seem to just about settle it. But it is, nevertheless, a big, bold fact that it has — a whole lot to commend it, too. And there are behind this fact to back it up, nature, which is not apt to go wrong, and in this instance expressed by the normal instinct of the boy to maul some-body or something, and the discoveries of scientific investi-gation. Facts against opinions. Which do you choose?

You will take facts, of course. But it is perhaps only fair to consider the cause for those opinions. Very simple. Grown people, like grown animals, have ceased to develop their senses and muscle, and no longer feel the play impulse rioting in them. And, without thinking, they often oppose it in a boy or a girl if it happens to disturb the even tenor of their way. They are not to be blamed for that, either. It is simply human nature, just as it is dog nature for an old dog to lose his patience and rebuke the playful puppy for tormenting him.

A Solid Foundation. — Let it be remembered that in building up your senses and your muscle by the right kind of play — as they unquestionably are best built up — you are simultaneously building up seven tenths of your brain. Consider this, and ask yourself if it is not reasonable to expect that the remaining three tenths will be the better for it. When you tackle the serious affairs of life you will have to depend upon your senses and your muscle to carry out the dictates of your brain, and therefore to succeed will need

to be a pretty evenly balanced man. If you have much ambition, and competition keeps up at the present rate, even, you have use for all the outdoor play you can get; not only as a boy, but all your life. Outdoor play because exercise in the outdoor air and sunshine is better for your health, and because you have more liberty outdoors than indoors.

Best of all is camp life, for the reason that in camp you get the maximum of outdoor play, live most healthfully, have the least restraint, and — do not annoy your elders. So no matter what others may say to you about wasting your time in such an "uncivilized" pursuit, feed the fires of your ambition with all the camping out you can get. It will do much to furnish you with the energy and reserve power you must have to get up in the world. Beside, it is mighty good fun.

But do not forget your tether of Caution; let it be your guide to steer you clear of the several ways by which you may be deprived of your precious liberty. Just think of what happens to the colt that tries to gallop through a barbed-wire fence! You cannot afford to cultivate habits in camp that may handicap you elsewhere, hence your liberty is fenced off here and there. Not being a silly colt, you can understand the value those fences are to you — the fences of discipline which encircle and intersect every properly conducted boys' camp.

. . . . . .

The Spirit of the Camp. — Camp life, especially at a permanent camp, such as we are discussing in this book, is by no means entirely dependent upon location, equipment, and

management for its success, although these things constitute the foundation of whatever success there is. The spirit of the camp is the big outstanding thing that counts.

I dare say most boys who take up this book will expect to find it devoted entirely to tents and how to pitch them, sanitation, cooking, and in general the *work* of the camp. But think a minute. Is that all there is to camping? And now, to go a step further, if we must plan the work carefully, make all preparations — what about the rest? Is it logical to expect that the real pleasures of the camp will just naturally crop up overnight like mushrooms? Hardly. And in preparing for fun, and lots of it, is it not wise to at the same time provide that the location of the camp, the equipment, the arrangement of the work, the camp discipline, and regular scouting activities will dovetail nicely with this program of fun? It certainly is.

Now that you have my point of view, I think you will readily understand that the purpose of this book is broader than that of other books on the subject of camping; in short, that it aims to tell you much more than merely "how to camp out."

CHAPTER II

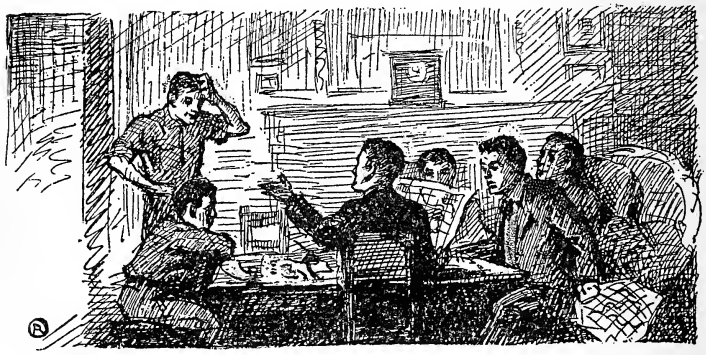
MAKING PLANS

EVERYBODY admires the resourcefulness of the newspapers' special correspondents, who are ready at an hour's notice to start on a trip to the other side of the world. They seem to be veritable paragons of preparedness. Yet there are, in reality, a great many men in other callings — detectives, attorneys, financial agents, expert accountants, engineers, and the like — who are just as ready, but of whom we seldom hear in this connection. Furthermore, perhaps not a single one of the lot can truthfully be said to be always ready. They go promptly because they are compelled to. And in most cases a small army of secretaries, clerks, and messengers bear the brunt of getting them away provided with everything they need — instructions, credentials, railway and steamer tickets, letters of credit, ready cash, and all the other necessaries. They are in reality catapaulted on their way by a powerful organization, and if left to their own resources would require days to do what is accomplished for them in that short hour's time. So you may easily see it would be a mistake to try to emulate them, even in a small way, as a means to testing your resourcefulness.

Be Prepared. — We all have had the experience of not being ready when the time came to start on a hike. We

had to get some matches, or find some mislaid part of our equipment, or do some tardy errand. And it was not that we had not had time to get ready, but that we had put things off. There is an old saying that "procrastination is the thief of time." Nobody knows it better than the Scout who finds himself late at the rendezvous, with perhaps only a note pinned on a tree telling him so to greet him.

In the years I have devoted to sporting journalism I have found it to be an unvarying rule that the men who make the



Threshing It Out

most successful vacation trips are those who lay their plans months in advance. And I want to urge every Scout to take this tip. In fact, the purpose of this book is chiefly to tell how to *be ready* to get the full benefit of the time that is to be spent in camp.

Another very important consideration to be taken into account is the fun you get out of making preparations. There is a saying among campers that "anticipation is half the pleasure of realization." It is. There was a time when, in my ignorance, I had a good deal of fine contempt for the

fellows who seemed to make such a fuss about getting ready for a little vacation. I imagined I was very superior in my stand that I "crossed my bridges when I came to them" until I discovered that often those same bridges were in no condition for crossing when at last I arrived, and, furthermore, that I had been missing a great deal of the joy of anticipation. I had been mixing my bridges.

Seeding Spare Time. — Big things grow out of planning far ahead. Ways and means are discovered for turning what might ordinarily be a commonplace vacation into an event of a lifetime. Inspirations grow best if the seed is planted early in the season. Initiative, that priceless quality which is so much in demand in all walks of life, and upon which so many successes hinge, is not something that happens along at the eleventh hour. It is found in the man who started in as a boy to make his plans well in advance, to be well prepared to *take* the initiative when the time came. It stands to reason that there can be no other explanation; for the man who wins our admiration by taking the initiative in a big undertaking, who steps in and starts things going when everybody else holds back, *must* be prepared.

Likewise, it may as readily be understood that the plans started, no matter how long in advance, are but little better than no plans at all unless they are carried to maturity. They must be built up until they are complete. A good example of this befell a certain troop of Scouts at their first annual encampment. They had decided that, among other things, they would have a gala day. Now a gala day requires a deal of preparation, being nothing less than an outdoor show. But when at last the time for their show

came, there were only four members of the troop who did not insist upon playing the rôle of an onlooker. And as if that were not bad enough, these four had confined almost all their preparation to their costumes. One of the four, who turned out to be the comedian of the troop, sized up the situation to a nicety when, mounting a stump, he announced: "The first ten numbers of the program will be omitted, on account of there being so many Scouts in the audience, and the show will start with a postponement, for which great preparations have been made."

Anticipation. — The habit of being ready is, as every Scout knows, a leading Scout virtue. In nothing will it pay a better profit of satisfaction than in connection with camping. Then think of the fun! In my own case I positively believe I have derived as much pleasure out of making tents as I ever have found in the actual use of them. Remember that you see only the bright side, in anticipation; it never rains, the canoe never upsets and ruins half your grub, you do not raise any blisters, and flies and mosquitoes do not pester. You conjure up nothing but a grand, good time. Fun? You just bet it is!

So while you are so happily dreaming of those brave days to come — just *take hold* and make sure that you will collect compound interest.

The first thing to do is to provide yourself with a memorandum book reserved especially for jotting down ideas you get, things you want to attend to, and bits of information you pick up, with reference to the coming encampment. Whether or not it is to be your first experience, you will find this memorandum book invaluable.

The Other Fellow. — Next, make up your mind that

you are not going to camp merely for your own pleasure and benefit, but intend to go out of your way to make the camp a big success, and to help as many other fellows enjoy it as you possibly can. No matter what others may or may not do, pledge yourself to this. Then prepare yourself to carry it out. And if you don't have the time of your life I miss my guess.

As for your actual preparations, you will find many of them discussed in detail in other chapters. Others, you of course have well in hand, unless you happen to be a brand-new Tenderfoot. Most scouting activities constitute preparation for a good time in camp, and if you have the opportunity for getting plenty of field work, you may go to camp a seasoned camper, with experience in nearly all the camp activities. On the other hand, many troops are compelled, for one reason and another, to put off much of their camp and field work until the annual encampment.

Big Times Coming! — Hikes and overnight camps, as discussed in my "Boy Scout's Hike Book," are good preparation. I want to remark here, however, that the Scout's equipment for the annual encampment is in several particulars different from that which he carries on his hikes, and the activities of the permanent camp much more elaborate than those of any week-end camp. Just wait till we get to camp!

Some lucky Scouts are able to have a permanent camp, perhaps in the backyard at home, where they "sleep out" all summer long and cook some or all of their meals. A number of the Scouts in my troop camp in this way for as much as five months of the year. And of course such a permanent camp makes the very best kind of laboratory in which to get ready for a "big time" when the troop goes to camp.

CHAPTER III

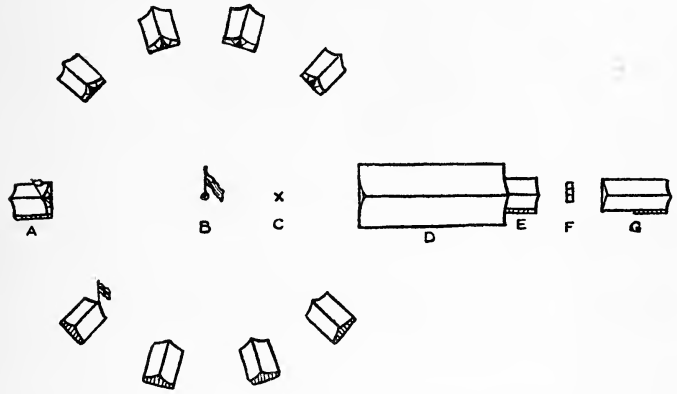
CAMP GROUNDS

IT IS a far cry, as the old saying goes, from the Sun-Dance of the Sioux Indians to the summer encampment of the Boy Scouts. In time alone it is more than thirty years now, since these Sun Worshippers of the West held their last great ceremonial rite on famous old Red Cloud's Agency in southern Dakota. What little I know of it I gained when on a visit to my friend Joseph Mills Hanson, the author, and his father, Maj. J. R. Hanson, who was an Indian agent in Dakota in those sometimes stirring days, at their home near Yankton. It seemed to me that the Sioux had the right plan of laying out a camping ground for a big celebration. And inasmuch as the Boy Scouts have a similar idea in connection with their conferences — that of forming a circle — I have adapted some of the features of the old Sun-Dance encampments to the Boy Scouts' summer camp.

Sun Dance Ceremonies. — For their Sun Dance the Sioux always required a very large camp ground. Think of thousands of tepees, all pitched side by side in one great circle! There would be maybe ten or twelve thousand Sioux, and goodness knows how many guests — Pawnees, Cheyennes, Crees, Omahas, Nez Perces, Mandans, Blackfeet, and I don't know how many others — all mounted, and all decked

out in their finest and best of gala day attire; by long odds the most spectacular and dazzlingly colourful gathering ever possible on this continent. Just think of going to a camp like that! You cannot ever hope to see such a spectacle, you Scouts, nor even to ever have so large a camp.

To descend from Sioux and Sun-Dances to Scouts and summer camps, I want to urge the readers of this book to not underestimate the value of the suggestions it contains



"Sun-Dance" Plan for a Boy Scout Camp
A, Headquarters; B, Flag-pole; C, Camp-fire; D, Mess-tent; E, Serving benches covered by a fly; F, Cooking fire; G, Commissary tent

for pitching the summer camp in "Sun-Dance," or what should properly be Boy-Scout, fashion, and carrying out the various ceremonies adapted from ones used by the Sioux in connection with their Sun-Dance. And lest it may seem that I have wandered far from the subject of this chapter, I will say that before you select your camp grounds you should have a fixed idea of how you want your camp laid out. I think I have made it clear that, if possible, it should

be in the form of a circle. The more tents, of course, means the bigger the circle. And that, in the case of a large encampment, requires a big camp ground. By every rule, it should be entirely out in the open.

Scouting for Camp-Sites. — This is always good fun, and excellent practice. One can profitably do much more of it than is necessary for the locating of one's camps, if one has the time, on any kind of a camping trip, and in the end find one's self in the superior class of the woodsmen, able to tell any one where to find the best camping places.

As a matter of fact, a good woodsman, and by that I do not mean a mere woodchopper, but a woodcraftsman, is always appraising the camping places he sees as he goes his way through the wilds. It becomes a habit with him, founded upon early study of what really constitutes a good camp-site. His camp-sites, however, are very different from these with which we have to deal in this book, being similar to those used on camp hikes, as described in my "Boy Scout's Hike Book." Here we have the much more formidable task of finding the best camp-site for the troop's annual encampment. Quite a different matter, isn't it, when you think it over?

Old Camping Grounds. — In many cases there is a logical place, a recreation ground of long standing that is unquestionably the best adapted for the purposes of the troop. How it stirs us just to think of those places, too! But alas! far too many are known to us older campers only in memory. Talk of conservation! I never see or hear the word but I think of the picnic groves and the camping grounds that are so rapidly passing out of existence, for one reason and another. Then, on the other hand, there are so many

more people camping nowadays than formerly. So troops of Boy Scouts often find it by no means easy to get a first-rate location for their annual camp. Beside, having found one, it does not necessarily follow that the troop will wish to return there year after year; everybody likes a change of scene.

Presuming that the hunt is on, as it should be months before the time for going to camp comes around, it will be

The Kind of Camp-Site We Dream About
Everybody off on a Hike

decided by common consent that the Scouts do not want to camp too near to home. They all want the change of scene above mentioned, and need it, too. A majority of parents, however, are apt to advise some nearby place, and so it is well to have a full report concerning the various sites, and

make sure that the value of change of scene is taken into account. As this is a boy's book I will not dilate on this subject. But I urge the reader to vote for all the change he can get.

Change of Scene. — The troop of which I am Scout Master is located in a "salt water" town, and all but one or two of the forty-eight Scouts who at present are members can swim, most of them very well indeed. A majority of them go swimming at least several times a week all summer long. Some literally would rather swim than eat; and of course none would think of swimming in fresh water so long as he could get to "the briny." Yet when it comes to selecting a place for the annual encampment all want to go to the hills. Swimming they must have, of course, but there is no longer any objection to fresh water. Last year we went forty miles away, and next summer we doubtless will go farther, in search of still higher hills. This, mind you, due to nothing at all but a common impulse.

And less than a mile from where this is written, in a big field we sometimes cross on our half-day hikes, but where we could not be hired to hold our encampment, a Brooklyn troop last summer pitched their camp and had, apparently, the time of their lives. They were over twenty miles from home, and, except that they had neither swimming nor boating, they could not have found a much better place to camp.

The roving instinct, when given rein, leads away from familiar scenes. Inasmuch as it is both a normal and a healthy impulse, why not follow it? Why not hunt some altogether new, strange, and perhaps, in some measure, wonderful place?

Big brothers are a fruitful source of information, but once a prospective camp-site is seriously considered, a delegation from the troop should, if possible, visit it and look the ground over. There are quite a number of very important requisites, chief of which, perhaps, is the water supply. Then comes the question of transportation there and back, the lay of the land, natural facilities for recreation, and proximity of houses, other camps, or undesirable attractions. Local conditions naturally must govern the selection, and it would be futile for me to attempt to describe what should constitute a proper location. I can, however, give some helpful suggestions as to what makes up a desirable site for the camp. But before I come to that, let me say a few words about what I call the "range."

Room to Swing Around. — First off, you want plenty of room. Really, most grown people have no adequate idea of how much room a healthy boy actually needs. Twenty square miles would not be asking for too much, in sober fact, for a range for the average Boy Scout troop's summer encampment. A group of outdoor boys, such as Scouts, are, to my notion, very much like a string of saddle and pack-horses in the mountains. When travelling with a pack train you always must see to it that there is good grazing for the horses where you camp. Otherwise, you must hobble your horses and fence the trail, and go to no end of trouble, and then, after all, you may have to hike miles to find them the next morning. They will go in search of feed, or maybe take the trail for home. You can't blame them, either. Nor can you blame a bunch of boys for hiking far and wide in search of something to see, something to do, if they are camped in some dull corner.

Get into the hills, if hills there are any. Get out in open country where there is room to swing around. There is far too much repression and restraint in all our lives. We men are cooped up, tied down, our wings clipped, and our legs hobbled for so many dreary months that we perhaps are backward about cutting loose and travelling when we get the chance. As Scout Masters we may forget that the boys under us are less used to fetters, more keen to be up

When a Camp-Site Is Not a Camp-Site

Perhaps ideal for a sportsman or two, but no place for a permanent camp for a troop of Boy Scouts. It pays to investigate even the recommendations of experienced sportsmen; otherwise your vacation may be spoiled.

and away. So to the Scout a-hunting a camping place, I say, locate on a good, big range.

Camp High. — The camp-site should, if possible, be high. Likewise dry. A great many camping grounds are neither. But, because some other fellows camp in a damp, dark hole, in spite of mildew, damp blankets, and mosquitoes, it does not necessarily follow that you must. The deep-shaded grove down by the lake or river shore may look attractive but if there is a good, big open knoll with shade close by, that is the place for a Boy Scouts' camp. Get out in the good sunshine, up where the breeze can get at you,

and where the water will drain off when it rains. A little sunburn will not hurt you.

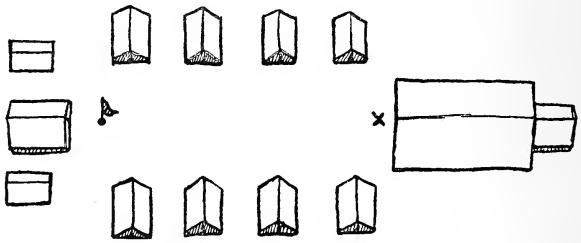
You want, for a troop encampment, an acre of open ground at least, and as much more as you can get. There should be not only ample room for having the camp well spread out, but for an athletic field as well. The water supply should be not too far from where the cook-tent will be, of course; but you should not sacrifice a good location for the camp to save a little labour carrying water. In the case of a spring, it will no doubt be at the foot of the hill, below the camp, and among the trees. The more trees down there the better, for the combination of a cold spring and deep shade eliminates the ice problem.

Poles and Fuel. — Saplings for tent poles (if needed), for building cots, and other furniture, will be in large demand, unless the troop is unusually well equipped and financed. They should be found comparatively near at hand, and of course firewood in quantities as well. Hay or straw if conveniently available may be very acceptable for stuffing ticks. Lumber for tables and benches, for the cook-tent and the mess-tent, is necessary, but will not be required for floors for the sleeping tents, although desirable. Proximity of an orchard or a melon patch is — unfortunate!

Having found a satisfactory camp-site, and made whatever arrangements may be necessary to secure its use, when the time for the encampment draws near some preparatory cleaning up may be required, and, if possible, should be done beforehand, and the prospective camp laid out with stakes properly marked, so when at last the troop arrives there will be no delay or confusion about pitching camp. A

pioneer detail should be sent ahead to attend to this — with instructions not to go fishing.

Most Boy Scout camps, I believe, are laid out and conducted somewhat as a military camp is. I think the military plan of having a troop street, with a row of tents facing it on each side, the cook and mess tents at the foot of it, and the headquarters tents at the head, as shown in the accompanying diagram, is, next to the circle, the most satisfactory. I realize, of course, that in some cases the kind of



The Military Plan of Laying Out a Boy Scout Camp

tents used and the lay of the land must demand a different arrangement than either.

A Check List. — To sum up, desirable requisites for a camp ground are as follows:

High location, open, fairly level, on sandy sub-soil, facing lake or stream, and having shade trees close by on at least one side, best if on two sides. Good drainage.

Good drinking water preferably not more than 100 yards away.

Away from "civilization," especially a summer resort. I advise going four or five miles from the nearest town, even if this does mean you are handicapped in getting provisions

and mail. Locate well away from the road. Visitors are not desirable.

Favourable swimming place. Make sure of this.

At least one safe boat, if boating is feasible.

Absence of mosquitoes, black-flies, and rattlesnakes. In a rattlesnake country, avoid a rocky location. Mosquitoes come from swamps. Black-flies and midges are worst in low, woodsy places.

Plenty of wood, preferably standing dead trees, if in a section where timber is valuable. The tops left by wood-choppers often furnish a good supply. Better perhaps to buy cordwood than destroy young timber. If in a section where there are chestnuts, and the blight has come, use the dead chestnut trees.

Far enough from home to provide a complete change of scene. Remember this. In fact, if you are sent scouting for a camp-site, do not commence to look for one until you are sure no visitor from your home town, except some venturesome fellow with a high-power automobile, will ever come that far. And you will be doing every fellow in your troop a kindness.

CHAPTER IV

TENTS AND TENTING

THE big feature of a camp is not, as one might expect, bound up in its equipment and location. As I have said before, it is the spirit of the camp that counts. If this is right, the tents must be poor indeed, the rations short, the location abominable, and the weather worse, to put a damper on the outing. Happily, the right camping spirit is more sure to be found in a Boy Scout camp than anywhere else.

Every Boy Scout, and every other boy, too, who has "been there," knows that the summer camp provides the finest times of the year. I believe also that the Scout officials and other men who are identified with boys' camps do not find so much genuine pleasure in any other camping. At any rate, in my own experience, and I have camped under all sorts of conditions, and in all kinds of places, I have had the most fun camping with boys.

Two Kinds of Camps. — Three weeks after my troop of Scouts broke camp last summer, I went to the Canadian Rockies on a big game hunt, and although I never so much enjoyed a hunting trip, I had a dull time in camp compared to that I had in camp with my Scouts. I had a guide and a cook who were excellent companions, we were cozy and comfortable in our Indian

tepee, the weather could not have been better, and success attended my hunting. But how I did miss those Scouts of mine!

Sitting one night in front of the tepee, where we were camped a couple of thousand feet above the Athabaska, beside the Shovel Pass trail, I could see old Mount Geikie, one of the highest mountains in the Canadian Rockies, shouldering his white bulk up into the clear moonlight to an elevation of 11,016 feet, and seemingly but five miles across the valley, although, in reality, perhaps three times that distance away. The wind roared around our mountain, and somewhere in the jackpines a coyote yapped his disdain of our Airedales. From down the trail came the faint jangle of the bell on one of the packhorses. Behind me the fire flickered low in the tepee, and I could hear the guides talking soberly as they made down their beds. In the morning we were to pull out for town, and in another day those wonderful mountains and their delightful solitude would be left far behind me. My two good friends, the guides, I perhaps would never see again. Yet I found myself thinking of our Scout camp away back East and how, a few weeks before, I had sat out in front of my tent after taps the last night, just as I now sat outside our tepee at bedtime, and how I had then, as now, regretted that on the morrow I must pack up and go home.

Camp Companions. — And now, as I write this, I wonder which camp will linger longest in my memory — the lone, smoke-tinted tepee on the mountain in northern Alberta, or the white wall tents of the Scouts in the old Van Deusen pasture, in southern New York State. Somehow, I think it will be the latter. For the "tides of life" eddied and

swirled around those same white wall tents in a way not easily to be forgotten.

I am sure every boy who reads this will realize right off that the actual character of the camps above mentioned had very little to do with what I thought about them. Tepee or wall tent, faraway mountain wilderness or near-home lakeside pasture, the difference did not count for much. The camp in the West, simply as a place of temporary abode, and not taking into account the life that went with it, was unquestionably the most attractive. But the life of the Boy Scout camp, on the other hand, outshone that with the guides — well, just thirty to two!

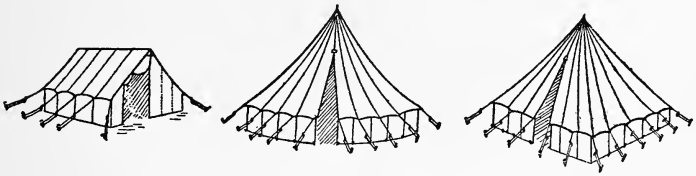
Which Style of Tent. — So at last we come, rather tardily, I confess, to the subject of tents.

Your troop perhaps is already well outfitted. Again, maybe it is not. And at any rate, I do not expect that what I say about tents is going to affect the market for them. It is a good principle to use the camping equipment one has, even if it is not quite satisfactory, rather than indulge any tendency to extravagance. The time to buy a tent or tents is when they are actually needed. And then is the time to get the kind you have made up your mind is best suited to your purposes. As in many other things, it is generally best to wear out unsatisfactory equipment. I can wish you no better luck than that, whether or not your troop tents are the best kind, you have plenty of opportunity to wear them out.

I think a Scout should know the good points of the standard designs of tents, and the best materials, no matter what his preference is. The more he knows about all kinds of tents, the more he knows about camping, and the better

is he able to form a conclusion as to the tent that best suits his ideas. So I shall have something to say of tents in general.

Everything considered, I believe the old-fashioned wall tent the best for a permanent Boy Scout camp such as we are discussing in this book. And I advocate 9 x 9 tents, four Scouts to a tent.



Military Tents: Wall, Sibley, and Pyramidal Patterns

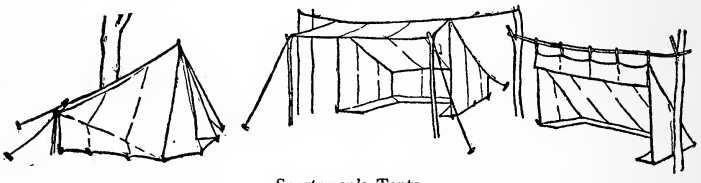
The Modern Army Tents. — The Sibley and pyramidal tents, now used to a large extent by the militia and the army, have been adopted by quite a number of Boy Scout troops; although, I believe, through a mistaken idea of their advantages.

The soldiers find these tents the best because they require but one pole as against three required by a wall tent, are quickly and easily pitched, shelter more occupants than the same amount of canvas in a wall tent, and shed rain and withstand wind better than any other form of tent, except the conical, which differs from the Sibley only in that it has no wall. And for a Boy Scout troop on a long camp hike carrying their tents in a wagon and camping each night, I would unhesitatingly recommend Sibleys or the army pyramidal tents. For all-around service, however, they would prove less desirable than wall tents.

Sportsmen's Tents. — Small troops or patrols will more

likely incline toward the kind of camping that sportsmen follow, than to the somewhat elaborately organized camp outlined in this book. They have a tendency toward hiking, rather than to the permanent camp. The truth is, lack of numbers deprives them of the element that is the foundation of the permanent camp. So, for their all-around use, I strongly recommend the most popular sportsmen's tents, the baker, the canoe, the miner's (or trail) patterns, and in the mountains of the Northwest, the tepee.

Each of these has its advantages. The miner's, or pyramid tent is, like the conical pattern, economical of canvas; and it can be pitched quicker than any other kind.



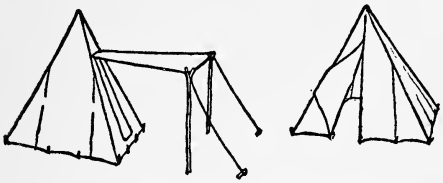
Sportsmen's Tents

On the left is the canoe pattern, in the centre the baker, and on the right the shed model, so made that in combination with another like it, it may be made to serve as half of a wedge, or A tent. The baker tent should be erected with a ridge pole, not with a rope as shown.

Wind and rain have few terrors for it, because of its steep, sharp-pointed roof. It is a lightweight among tents, and a good one to travel with if in open country, requiring but one jointed pole. It is not, however, as adaptable as the canoe tent, which is almost as easy to pitch, and is much easier to heat, if necessary, by means of the camp-fire. An interesting elaboration of the miner's pattern is shown at the left of it, in the accompanying illustration. With a cheesecloth door screen and a window in the rear wall similarly screened and sheltered with a small awning, this tent is an airy yet safe hiding place where mosquitoes or black-flies are bad.

It never need be closed up tight, even in the hardest rain. But unlike the miner's or the canoe tent, you cannot heat this one with the camp-fire; and it is expensive. This is the tent mentioned on page 78 of "The Boy Scout's Hike Book."

The canoe tent, it will be noticed, requires only a single jointed pole. When the rounded front is thrown back to let in the heat of a camp-fire, the pole must be guyed forward with two guy-ropes, one to each side of the fire. An improved pattern of this tent has a short ridge, and sometimes is fitted with an awning. The lean-to tent shown, when pitched in conjunction with a companion tent, makes a good A, or wedge, tent.



Pyramid Tent (Right), and an Elaboration of It

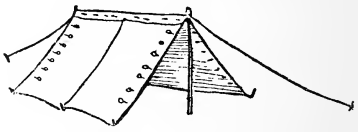
The Baker Tent. — The best all-around tent for the purpose under discussion is the baker, so called because built like the reflector baker used by camp cooks. It is simply a lean-to or shed tent with a front which can be stretched as an awning, and a rear wall. The pitch of the roof is such that with the awning rolled up or thrown back on the roof, and the camp-fire built six feet from the open front, the heat of the fire is reflected down "where it does the most good." I have one of these tents and, with the addition of a cheesecloth curtain in front to keep out insects, or where requiring privacy, have found it very satisfactory for summer use in the woods. And of course it is just the thing in the fall. In fair weather and summer, the awning is

stretched as shown in the illustration. In case of a driving rain, the awning poles are removed and the guy-ropes shortened — or, you can hang an extra tarpaulin or two and leave the poles in position. We used my baker tent for a commissary tent at our Scout camp last summer, and found it very satisfactory.

A Way to Get More Headroom in a Wedge Tent

You will notice that in the illustration some of the canvas is turned in at the bottom of the baker tent, also the lean-to. This is the sod-cloth, which is not regular equipment and costs extra. It is, however, a desirable addition to any tent. With a waterproofed ground cloth stretched taut and overlapping this sod-cloth, you have nothing left to be desired.

The pyramid and canoe models can be suspended by a rope thrown over a stout limb, or by a "pair of shears," which is a pair of long poles lashed together near the top and erected astride the tent; they should be guyed fore and aft. Two ways of erecting the baker and the lean-to are illustrated. Still another, and a very good way, is shown on pages 86 and 123 of "The Boy Scout's Hike Book."

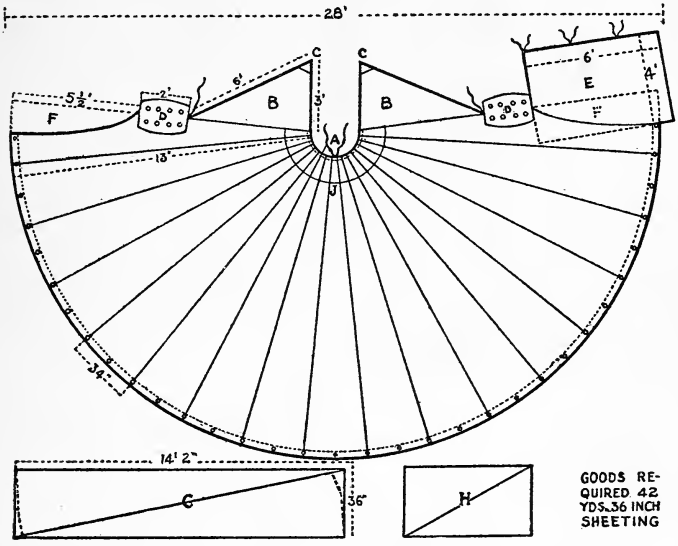


Shelter, or "Dog" Tent
Out of place except on a hike, and not first-class for that

All of these tents are made up in canvas duck, khaki, and various lighter materials, and some are elaborated in one way and another by different makers.

These improved models cost more than the standard designs.

The Indian Tepee. — Personally, I am partial to the tepee, if camping where tepee poles are not too hard to find, camp is not to be moved too often, and the nights are cold.

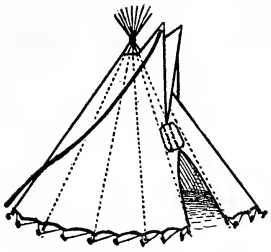


Design of an Indian Tepee

A, Suspension cord for erecting on one pole; B, Smoke-flaps; C, Pockets to receive ends of smoke poles; D, Overlapping flaps for lacing the lodge around the poles; E, Door; F, Cutting for door; G, Section of sheeting showing how to cut it to make two segments; H, Section of sheeting showing how to cut to make the smoke-flaps; J, Reinforcement. The 17 segments should be very carefully cut, and as carefully sewn together, using a ½-inch lap seam. This is the strongest and best design, and will well repay the additional pains necessary to make it. It should never be used without a draft-curtain, the use of which is described on the following page.

In the Canadian Rockies, where there are usually plenty of fire-killed jackpines of just the right size, straight and slim, and almost devoid of limbs, and where the nights are cold even in midsummer, the tepee is the logical tent and is as commonly used by the guides as the baker tent is used in

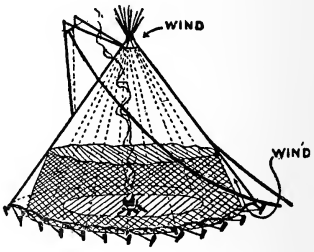
Nova Scotia. The standard size is fourteen feet in diameter on the ground, when pitched, and about the same height. At least nine poles should be used, and the proper number is fourteen. A draft-curtain, as shown in an accompanying sketch, is desirable. Inasmuch as I know of no place in this country where a workmanlike tepee can be bought, and my tent-making experience includes the making of a tepee, I give designs that will enable Boy Scouts to make their own, or have the work done. For instructions as to the detail of tent making, see the chapter on Tents and Tent Making in "The Boy Scout's Hike Book."



How the Tepee Looks When Erected

"X-Rays" View Showing How the Draft-Curtain Is Used

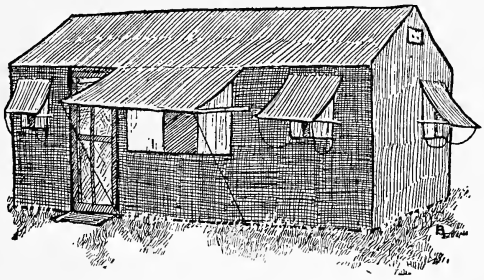
This is a very necessary adjunct to the tepee, as it greatly reduces the smoke nuisance. The curtain must be purposely made to fit, and should be wide enough to come above the campers' heads when they are seated on their beds, and leave a couple of feet at least for turning in on the ground under the beds and duffle. The bottom of the tepee should not be pegged down too close to the ground, so as to permit of a draft, and the curtain must be tied to the poles, *not* sewn to the tepee. When properly hung, it shoots the draft up along the roof and out the smoke-hole, causing the fire to draw, and carrying out the smoke. The back of the tepee should be toward the direction from which the prevailing winds blow. Adjust the smoke-flaps to accommodate them to changes of wind.



The advantages of the wall tent over the Sibley for a permanent camp are: greater amount of head room, better accommodation of cots or beds, adaptability to flooring and the use of a fly. Both kinds have a wall, which can be rolled up all around for airing and to give the occupants the

benefit of a breeze on a hot day, and this alone gives either a decided advantage over most other models. There is no waste space on the square floor plan of the wall tent — lots of it in the Sibley's circle. Cots are so angular! The smallest Sibley worth having is a 16-footer, "accommodating" eight cots — and very little else. If bound to have a single-pole army tent, by all means get the pyramidal model with a wall.

The Back-Yard Camp. — For the all-summer camp, either at home or elsewhere, a good wall tent, with an extra

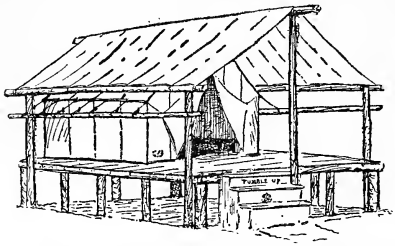


A Modern House Tent
Fine for an all-summer camp, but expensive.

long fly extending over the top and well out in front, is as good as any group of boys can want. Some more fortunate ones may have a compartment tent, or a regular house tent with two or three rooms, and these are fine indeed. But with the assistance of some rough lumber most Scouts can make a pretty good house tent out of a wall tent — even to the screen door at the front and a screened window at the back. An accompanying illustration suggests a good arrangement, having the floor elevated, to insure dryness. The space in front under the fly is the "outdoor living-

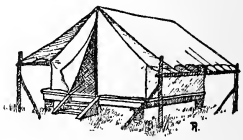
room," the tent being the bedroom. The plan of guying to poles, as shown, is much more satisfactory than the use of stakes.

The Wall Tents. — Wall tents are more commonly made than any other kind, and, as a general rule, are cheaper. It is best to buy only those made of genuine U. S. Army standard double filling khaki duck, weighing ten ounces to the lineal yard. White duck of the same quality and weight is next to be preferred.



A Good Arrangement for a Permanent Camp

A 9 x 9 tent will cost from $10 for a second-hand one in very good condition to $16 or $17 for a new one. These prices include poles and stakes. A fly will be extra, and a new one of 10-ounce khaki duck will cost from $8 to $12. In recent years the militia and the army have been discarding their white duck tents for khaki, and dealers in condemned and second-hand military supplies offer sometimes excellent tents at very reasonable prices. Army tents are always well made.



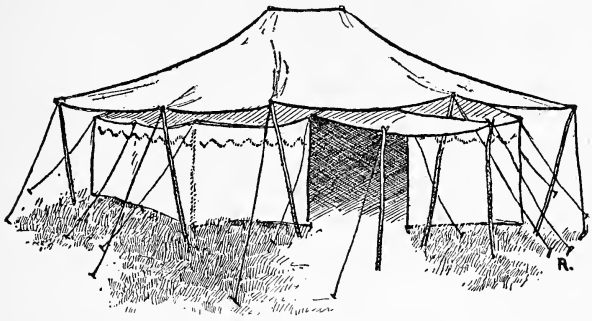
Another Way

It is possible for four boys to camp in a 7 x 9 tent, but it is false economy every way you look at it; 9 x 9 is unquestionably the proper size. As for still larger tents — that means more boys, and more than four means a crowd. In my troop we have three sizes of tents, 7 x 7, 7 x 9, and 9 x 9, and we camp two in the first, three in the next, and

four in the last. The Scouts much prefer to camp by twos, but one 9 x 9 tent costs only three fourths of what two 7 x 7 tents cost.

These 9 x 9 wall tents will serve all the purposes of the camp except as follows:

The Mess-Tent. — For the mess-tent the average Boy Scout troop will need nothing better than a good big tent fly, pitched wedge-tent fashion. The ridge pole should be ten feet, or perhaps more, from the ground, to provide sufficient pitch to the roof and still leave headroom toward the eaves, which should be guyed about four feet from the ground. A fly made of 10-ounce U. S. Army standard khaki duck $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide by 25 feet long (eleven widths of 28-inch canvas) makes a good shelter for three tables accommodating sixteen Scouts each. Cost? Well, a good deal, I must admit, but a regular-mess tent, made like the compartment tent illustrated, but without the fly, would, in the same size, come to half as much again, at least.

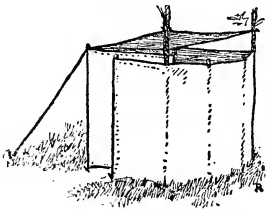


So-Called Compartment Tent, With Fly
An excellent tent for a permanent camp, and an ideal mess-tent
But it is expensive

Really, the best luck you can have, short of having a mess-tent presented to you, is to find you can buy a good second-hand one. I have seen them listed in catalogues at surprisingly low prices, a 20 x 30 tent, with 6-foot side walls, complete with poles, costing no more than the fly I have described. Dealers in condemned military supplies generally have some of these large tents in stock.

Commissary and Latrine Tents. — A 7 x 7 wall tent will do for the commissary tent. It should have an overlapping fly pitched in front to shelter a table and a packing-box cupboard. If using a fly for the mess-tent, and the troop occupies it to capacity, a small fly, say 9 x 9, will be needed to shelter the serving bench.

For the latrine, if the troop does not purchase a regular latrine tent, the cost of which will not be much, one may be made as shown in the illustration. Stretch a piece of canvas for the roof, and make the walls of 72-inch heavy, unbleached sheeting, of which ten yards will be sufficient.



How to Make a Latrine Tent

And remember that none of these tents should be made of lighter or cheaper canvas than that I have mentioned. U. S. Army standard duck is made for service, being strong, closely woven, and made from good cotton. Good goods to have over you in a heavy rainstorm. There are a number of much lighter materials, of course, which when waterproofed are to be preferred, but their cost puts them out of reach of Boy Scouts, except for the little hiking shelters. White tents are coolest.

Care of the Canvas. — Bags should be provided for all tents, and will be necessary if trips are made by train. Grain bags will serve well enough.

Each tent should have a number or letter stencilled on it, on the outside, in front at the peak, and a record be kept by the troop quartermaster. Bags should be stencilled with the name and address of the troop, and also each with the number or letter of the tent it contains.

Finally, with proper care, a good tent will stand a lot of service and last for years. And on the other hand, mildew (from the tent being pitched in constant shade, or being stored damp or kept in a damp storage place), and rough usage can put it out of commission in one season. It is good scouting to apply Section 9 of the Scout Law to the care of troop tents.

CHAPTER V

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

CONSIDERING the amount of "fussing around" a really interested fellow indulges in as preparation to go camping, it would seem this chapter must be a long one loaded with much detail. And it would indeed, if we were to attempt to follow the hunt through all the delightful mazes of anticipation. But that, in its turn, would result in robbing the reader of some of his own rightful share of those same joys. For after all, the joys of anticipation are dependent upon one's imagination. By no means, however, do we find ourselves in "dull seas." The real excitement of the chase often lies in cutting corners.

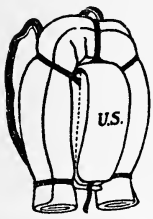
So here we are, half prepared, with a pack-sack completely rigged out, a knowledge of camp beds and camp cooking, and various other camping preparations all attended to in a previous volume. What now?

Let us have a look in that pack-sack. Ah, a frying-pan. Out with it; the "billy can," too. All the cooking will be done over one fire, with an outfit of amazing big utensils owned by the troop.

A Different Mess-Kit. — You want a plate, dessert dish, bowl, cup, knife, fork, and a couple of spoons. And you must mark them, every one, so you can establish your ownership of them if they get mixed up with those belonging to

your tent mates. Take a hammer and a nail, lay tinware or aluminum on a flatiron, and punch your mark with a nail. Mark knife and fork with a file, and enamelware with oil paint. Get white enamel dishes if you can.

You will not need to carry more than the minimum of first-aid supplies, as the troop will have a hospital tent. You could easily do without any, but I presume you want to "be prepared." In addition to a roller bandage, some sterilized gauze for a compress or two, a square inch of absorbent cotton, and a small rubber-stoppered vial of tincture of iodine, it will be wise to have a small jar of carbolated vaseline for sunburn; spool of $\frac{1}{2}$-inch surgeon's plaster; some soda mint tablets for sour stomach; a cathartic — pills to be preferred, and of whatever kind you are used to; sun cholera mixture for diarrhœa, etc., and some sort of toothache remedy if it may be needed. In this connection, I need hardly say a Scout will be least apt of all boys to have toothache, because he takes care of his teeth and is not afraid of the dentist. Still, an unsuspected cavity may declare itself, or an ulceration develop. Essence of peppermint and oil of cloves are standard toothache cures. A mixture of equal parts of aconite and iodine is a standard remedy. Tincture of iodine, in my experience, serves all practical purposes. It has the advantage over the usual remedies in that it is not stumped by an ulceration, which generally requires the attention of a dentist. Remember, oil of cloves and tincture of iodine *must be labelled "Poison."*

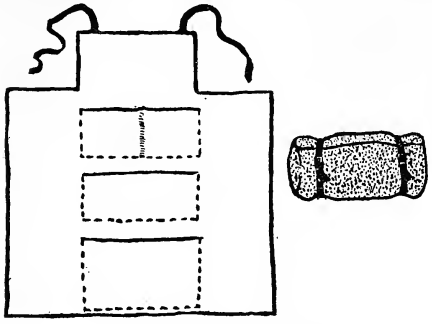


The old-style army haversack altered to serve as a pack-sack, with blanket-roll attached. A very good pack-sack copied from this has recently been placed on the market to sell especially to Boy Scouts.

The "pharmacy" will be contained in a couple of screw-top mailing cases, as suggested in the previous volume. A can of talcum powder may not come amiss; a comfort to scalded feet.

While we are about it, we may as well pack the pack-sack to capacity.

A Larger Ditty-Kit. — For the summer camp, it is well to have a larger ditty-kit than the little one carried on hikes. You will find you have an abundance of things to put in it.



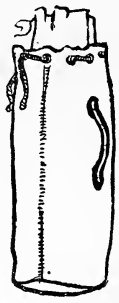
How to Make the Ditty-Kit

Your toilet articles, in addition to a comb, soap (in a soap box or a rubber tobacco pouch), tooth brush and tooth soap, may now include a hair brush, a hand mirror, and a whiskbroom; also, if you are getting to be a big Scout — a shaving outfit. Sewing-kit, post cards or a writing pad and stamped envelopes, notebook, fishing-lines, hooks and lures, and various odds and ends, will round out a fat ditty-kit.

There is still room in the pack-sack for a baseball and glove, Scout manual, signal flags, toilet paper, little bag of handkerchiefs, and if you have them, camera and films, and a field-glass. You perhaps could manage to crowd in one or two more things, but don't forget that you will want that little space on top for the good things you will almost surely buy on the way — candy, bananas, chewing-gum, fruit

crackers, doughnuts, cookies. You can't possibly get them all in your pockets.

Duffle Bags. — It is out of the question to carry all the duffle you will want to take done up in your blanket-roll. You could manage by taking only an extra suit of underwear, extra socks, and a towel. But there is your bathing suit, bath towel, sneaks, perhaps a baseball suit, your shorts and long stockings, an athletic shirt, pajamas (best of outing flannel), a tiny down or "silk floss" pillow, dish towels, shoe cloth, a pair of rubbers, poncho or raincoat, and maybe a masquerade costume. Most troops, I believe, carry a lot of suitcases and handbags. A more workmanlike way is for each tent squad of four to have a common duffle bag. One 18 x 36 inches in dimensions, made of heavy waterproofed brown canvas, and with handles on bottom and side, will cost but $2.10, and will hold an unbelievable amount of duffle. And when emptied in camp it occupies no room at all, whereas suitcases are apt to be in the way.

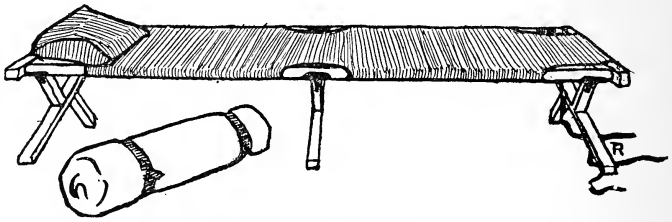


Commercial Duffle Bag

These duffle bags also reduce the transportation problem considerably, as you would quickly perceive if you were to see ten of them, empty, rolled in a neat armful alongside forty suitcases. And think how much more scoutlike the outfit would look, piled up on the station platform, or being hauled out to the camp ground; to say nothing of how much more quickly and easily it could be handled. When the question comes up, vote for a couple of duffle bags for your patrol. You can get them from any of the large camp outfitters. No, you will not need a "safe place" to

keep your things in camp — at least not in a Boy Scout camp. If you get such a bag, let each Scout have a small bag of brown denim, 17 inches in diameter by 18 inches high, with round bottom, to stow his belongings in. Four will go in the big duffle bag, one on top of the other, when they are puckered and tied.

Your Camp Bed. — For your bed, you perhaps can have a folding camp cot. Good ones can be had for as low as $2.50, and if the problem of transportation does not interfere, your Scout Master may advise you to get one. If your troop uses 7 x 7 canoe tents, you can put the two folded cots, the tent, and the jointed pole, all in one bag, tent out-



Good Type of Folding Camp Cot

ward to insulate the "furniture." Twenty such bags for a troop of forty Scouts make a very workmanlike outfit, though expensive.

Handy Scouts can make good stretchers, and in a permanent camp will set them up better than when on a hike. The hiker's stretcher-tick, described in "The Boy Scout's Hike Book," will serve the purpose of the summer camp, and relieve the troop quartermaster of excess baggage worries. An alternative is a tick made with heavy sheeting, denim or light duck for the top, and black oilcloth for the bottom, to be stuffed with hay or straw. The oilcloth will

keep out dampness from the ground, and the tick may with safety be laid right on the ground. And the somewhat difficult task of making a good stretcher cot is dispensed with. Such a tick should be 28 x 66 inches when empty.

One advantage of using ticks instead of cots is, during the day they may be stacked two and two on each side of the tent, with the blankets folded and laid on top. This provides not only more foot-room in the tent, but better seating accommodations. No amount of rough-house can break the furniture. And with a board floor in the tent there is nothing much left to be desired.

The Camp Tick, With Oilcloth Bottom

Double-Deck Bunks. — Some boys' camps have stretcher bunks, made of rough lumber, with the canvas stretchers tacked on the poles. These bunks are generally "double-deckers," being arranged like the upper and lower berths of a steamboat stateroom, and four bunks on a stand of three upright frames or trusses, eight in a tent, which must be a 12 x 14 or larger. This is a good arrangement under the circumstances for which it was worked out. It calls for quite a lot of lumber, and considerable carpentry, and is adapted to a permanent camping ground, such as those maintained by the Y. M. C. A., or the various summer schools and camps conducted as business enterprises, and open for from four to ten weeks. It is not to be recommended for the average Boy Scout camp, unless there happens to be a sawmill or other source of cheap lumber near at hand. The point to remember is, these bunks are made in knock-down form, are owned by the organization run-

ning the camp, and are bolted up and taken down on the same camp grounds year after year, being stored close by in the interval between camping seasons. As the membership of a Boy Scout troop changes somewhat from year to year, likewise in most cases the camp-site, and as the average troop pays its own way in camp, the individual Scout has to furnish his own bed. As for those big tents with eight fellows under the one roof — we will not discuss them; too much like a sailors' lodging house.

Make very sure you are going to have a good bed, for you cannot enjoy your outing without plenty of sound sleep. Note the little pillow above mentioned, and see that you have one about a foot square. It need not be very thick, for you can fold up a garment or two to put under it. It should be covered with brown denim, and have a couple of washable cases.

Blanket Wisdom. — Also, be sure your blanket is amply large and heavy, and that it is all wool. If you have done no overnight hiking, or camping of any kind, do not imagine that you require no more covering than you do in your room at home. You are apt to be shivering with the cold in camp when you would be kicking the sheet off at home. You must remember you are going away, and will be sleeping very close to out of doors, with perhaps not even a single thickness of boards under you to keep down the night chill of Old Mother Earth. If you sleep on a canvas cot, you will make no mistake in taking along an extra double blanket to fold under you as a mattress, to insulate you against the cold from underneath. If you have a stretcher-tick such as I recommend, you can get around the difficulty by stuffing the bag with straw, hay, ferns or

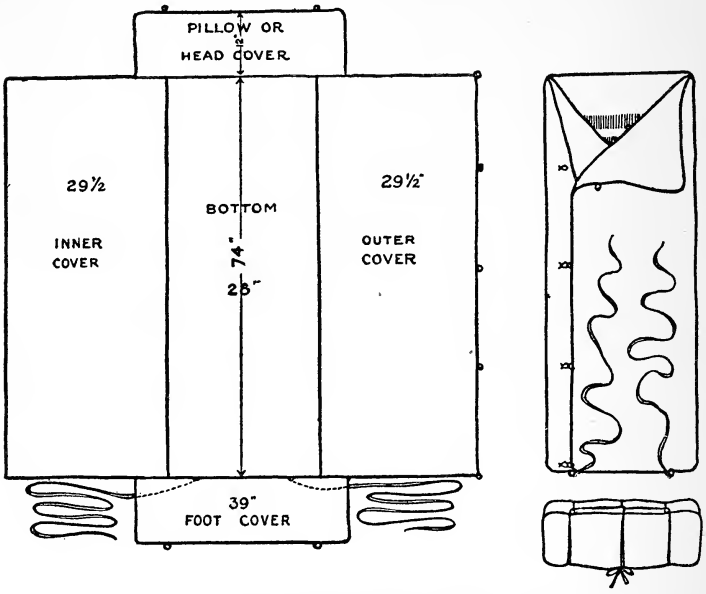
browse. If you use the latter, you must remember to select only the tips of the fir or spruce boughs; leave out all stems, for your browse must go in higgedly piggedly, instead of being all neatly placed with the tips up and the stems down as in shingling. Take two double blankets along just the same, if you can get them, for it is not likely either one of them will weigh more than five pounds. The average blanket (double) used by mountainmen weighs from eight to twelve pounds. And they generally find use as well for a saddle blanket weighing five pounds. You will of course roll your blankets in your stretcher-tick, or if you are to use a folding cot, in your poncho, and carry them over your shoulder or strapped around your pack-sack.

The Western Bed-Roll. — "But," you may say, "I belong to a troop that is going camping in the mountains, where everything will have to be carried on packhorses." Or perhaps, "We are going on a canoe trip, 'way off in the woods, and will have to make a lot of portages."

Well, that does call for something different, at least in the way of packing the duffle. On such trips, the beds will be made on the ground, of browse — fir, spruce or pine. There will be no need of the stretcher-tick. But you must be sure to have two double blankets. The mildest nights in the mountains or the deep woods are seldom so warm as to make ten or twelve pounds of blankets unnecessary.

Get a canvas roll-up for your blankets, like the one shown in the accompanying diagram. This is just like a big ditty-kit without pockets. And in it you will roll up not only your blankets and pillow, but all your other "worldly goods." It will hold your ditty-kit, extra clothing, rubber boots, everything, even a camera tripod or a

fibre fishing-rod case. (And, by the way, if you ever do take one of the latter on a trip with you, put a straight-handle umbrella in it.) You need neither duffle-bag nor pack-sack, although you may well have the latter along to



How to Make a Canvas Roll-Up
How it is folded for use, and how rolled up. Ordinary harness snaps are best for fastenings

carry your lunch and camera on some of your side hikes, if going to the mountains.

This bed-roll makes a side pack for a packhorse, or stows neatly in a canoe. The roll-up itself should not cost more than $3.50. Any awning maker can turn one out if shown the drawing. Make sure the snaps and rings are properly placed and securely sewed. Waterproof the bottom (not

the flaps) before having it made (see pages 92 and 94, "The Boy Scout's Hike Book") and — hang on to it, for it is about as practical a piece of camper's duffle as you will ever get hold of.

Art in the Rolling. — For portaging the roll on a canoe trip, it should be rolled tightly, and a 5-foot length of strap tied to the two encircling ropes, in the form of a pack harness. Tie the centre of the strap around the upper rope with a single knot, carry each half toward a lower corner of the roll, and tie to the lower rope with a single knot, then carry under and tie the end to same rope on opposite side of the roll. If ropes are tight and straps properly adjusted, the roll will carry well.

For carrying on a packhorse, it is best to rope the roll rather loosely, so it will be kidney shaped in cross section, instead of round when the hitch is thrown. In other words it should be loose enough to conform to the side of the horse, to permit of a good pack being made.

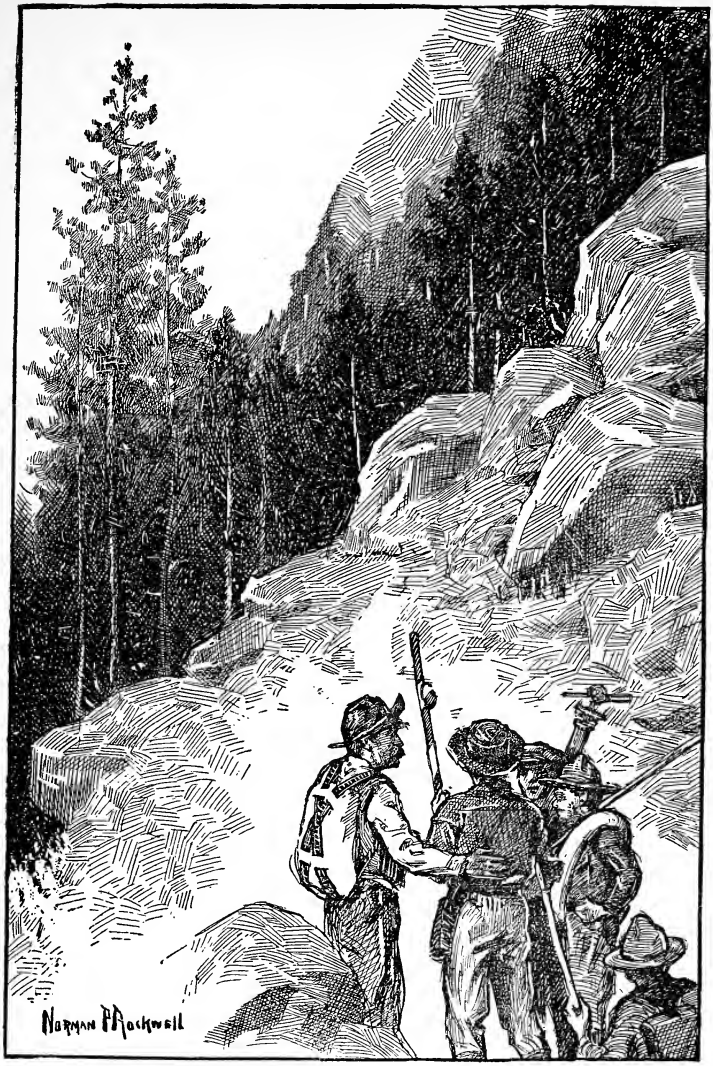
And this, by the way, is also the best rig for carrying your duffle on a hike with a baggage wagon. It or something similar is used by cowboys, prospectors, woodsmen, and mountainmen all over the Northwest. Yet I have never seen it mentioned in any handbook on camping, and know of no camp outfitter in this country that manufactures it. The dimensions given in the diagram are taken from one I bought in Edmonton, Alberta. Sew an extra bottom on it, and you can use it as a tick or a stretcher. Ordinarily you sleep in it, on a bed of boughs, with the foot and side flaps snapped over to hold you snuggly in your blankets, and the head flap snapped down over your extra clothing serving as a pillow. In case of sleeping out,

without a tent, the head flap may be used to protect your head.

When Everything Is Collected. — Of course, you must mark all your things, so no question of ownership can arise. And having done so, you will do best not to indulge any bent for trading. That would mix things up.

Make a check list of your possessions, and be sure you start it long before camping time comes around. You will find it growing amazingly toward the last. But do not let this bother you. When you come to pack up, you will cross off nearly everything you can do without.

Your full uniform, belt, knife, axe, and whistle, and possibly your staff, will complete your personal outfit. If you are a patrol leader you will of course take your staff and patrol flag, whether the troop carry staffs or not. You will doubtless go in heavy marching order, carrying your pack-sack and blanket-roll, if the trip to camp is to be made by rail or by boat. If you are to hike it, all your baggage should be hauled for you. Sometimes the order of the day — and what a big day it is! — is heavy marching order to the place where you "jump off" from train or boat, and then wagon transportation to camp for everything that cannot walk. In any event, if you are going to take a fishing rod or a bow and arrows, you will be wise to carry them. Baseball bats, tied together, can go with the baggage.



"YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRAIL; JUST KEEP A-GOIN'"

Prospector, surveyors, and Boy Scouts meet on the trail; an incident on a hike from a Rocky Mountain troop's summer camp.

CHAPTER VI

THE TROOP'S CAMPING KIT

"SOME Boy Scout troops are born with a camping outfit, some acquire it, and others have it thrust upon them," said our troop comedian one day, surveying a camp stove we had invented. "If we have to depend upon that thing to casserole our eats, I'm going right out and provoke somebody to throw a kitchen range at me."

In reality we couldn't have had a much better camp stove "thrust" upon us. I shall describe our invention further along in this chapter. At the same time, it was due to our being presented with the tents of a defunct cadet organization that we had a much better camp than we otherwise would have had.

It All Depends. — In this connection I want to say it is not my wish to discourage by what I say in this chapter, the acceptance by Boy Scout troops of even unsatisfactory camping equipment that may be placed at their disposal. Every Scout Master, of course, wants to see the Scouts get their own equipment if they can. But it costs quite a bit to completely outfit the average troop. And it may be very difficult indeed for the boys to earn the money. The "shows" that prove so successful in some places are not possible in others. It is sometimes difficult enough for the boys to get sufficient "camp money" merely to pay for

grub and transportation. Let it be remembered that the tents you already have, or that are offered to you, either as a donation or as a loan, while they may not conform with your ideas and plans, are, nevertheless, "yours to command," while those which you have been dreaming of might easily cost your troop a couple of hundred dollars, or even more. Then consider where all that money would have to come from.

Obviously, I cannot prescribe for the use of all the tents of almost endless variety and condition that Boy Scout troops are bound to have. So it must be understood that the wall tents to which I refer from time to time have been taken as the average or standard. They do not in any sense represent the ideal; it is by no means my intention to discuss what might in most cases be extravagant equipment.

To begin with tents, the troop will need one 9 x 9 wall tent for every four boys, a tent for the Scout Master and his orderly (generally a trumpeter), a hospital tent, which will be occupied by the Assistant Scout Master or the troop leader; a mess-tent, and a commissary tent. One Scout or a hired or volunteer cook may occupy half of the commissary tent, depending on conditions. In many cases the Scout Master will have a tent of his own which he will prefer to use, and thus save the troop that much expense.

Get the Best. — The subject of tents having been covered in a previous chapter, it but remains for me to urge troops buying tents to select the material recommended as being the best — genuine U. S. Army standard khaki duck of 10-ounce weight. The khaki may cost a little more than white duck, but it is more than worth the difference for camping out in the open in the middle of the summer.

When it fades a little it is almost as cool as weather-stained, white duck. And it never has the glare which on a brilliant day makes a clean white tent more or less distressing to the eyes of most of us. This is something really important, as you will understand when you realize that it applies to not only one tent, but a whole circle of them. In military camps I have found that so long as one was in camp on a brilliant summer day, the glare of white canvas was bothersome. And if one was a bit the worse for the weather and went into the tent to lie down, the sun "bored right through the tent," and forced one to cover the eyes or wear dark glasses. Under khaki there is no such trouble; on the contrary, the drab or tan-coloured roof over one is restful to the eyes and mind. Furthermore, the flies are less bothersome, as they are less fond of the darker interior of a tan-coloured tent. And in the event of a severe electrical storm at night, the glare of the lightning does not disturb one so much.

If good tents are purchased, the spike ends of the upright poles will be secured against splitting by a ferrule, and each end of the ridge poles will be strengthened in a similar manner. The guy-ropes preferably should be $\frac{1}{4}$-inch hemp, with metal slides. It will pay in the long run to invest in angle iron tent stakes, costing 25 cents a dozen more than the wooden ones which ordinarily are supplied with the tent. They will last indefinitely, whereas some of the wooden ones are apt to be broken the first time used. Those for the guy-ropes should be not less than fifteen inches long, and those for the bottom of the tent not less than nine. Each tent should have its own bag of stakes.

The Friendly Camp Chair. — The amount of equipment

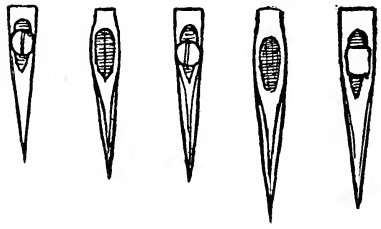
a troop takes to its annual encampments naturally must depend largely upon circumstances and conditions. At various military encampments I have found that no able-bodied camp stool was long out of a job while the soldiers were in camp. And at our own Scout camp last summer, my folding camp chair, the only sure-enough portable seat in camp, was seemingly always as much in demand as a head barber's chair on a Saturday night. Certainly a few folding chairs or camp stools are not to be despised, regardless of the fact that they are by no means necessary. The camp furniture you expect to make when you get to camp seldom materializes; for by the time you have constructed that which is necessary you have had all you want of that kind of work. Too many other things to do — and it is so easy for a boy to sit on the ground. So I counsel at least one camp chair or stool for each patrol. You will certainly need them if you have any lady visitors. There are any number of ways by which each patrol can decide every day who shall be custodian of the camp stool for the next. Think of a good-turn competition!

While we are on the subject of furniture, we may as well discuss tools, some of which will be necessary for making the mess tables and benches.

Tools. — With so many Scout axes, no hammer is required. But there must be at least one full-sized axe with a long handle. Let it be a good one, sharp, and provided with a muzzle. It is the common belief that any ordinary axe will do, and perhaps the rule for some one in the troop to provide one. This most likely is an old axe, very dull, and much abused. Inasmuch as the troop is organized largely for the purpose of education, is it not a much more

reasonable thing to buy a proper axe and have every fellow learn to use it rightly? I think so, and recommend not only one, but two axes. Let one be a "half" size, for the smaller boys, and the other a "three-quarter." The former will weigh about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds (for the head) and have a 24-inch handle, the latter 3 pounds and have a 28-inch handle. A full axe weighs from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 pounds, and the standard handle for heavy chopping is 36 inches long. Such an axe is too big for any but man-size Scouts to handle.

I consider the best axe is the true wedge shape, with the bit of course a third longer than the heel, or poll. And it is imperative to me that it be properly helved. The helve must be aligned with the eye, or hole of the axe, and the bit or edge should be directly in line with the centre of the hilt or end of the helve. Furthermore, the hilt has to be exactly at a right angle to the centre of the eye. If the helve is hickory, nicely shaped and not too light, I consider my axe properly helved. Since boyhood I have been a crank on this subject, doubtless because among my earliest recollections are those of serious-faced men gravely discussing the proper "hang" of an axe. They made their own axe helves, and you may well believe they knew just how to fit them.



Some Axes
The wedge shape is the best.

A new axe is never considered sharp by a woodsman. He grinds the edge much thinner before using it. At least pro-

vide a good file for sharpening the axe in camp if it becomes dull.

Do not neglect the muzzle. It is not difficult to make a good one if you have leather and rivets. Fix a strap to buckle around the helve back of the poll.

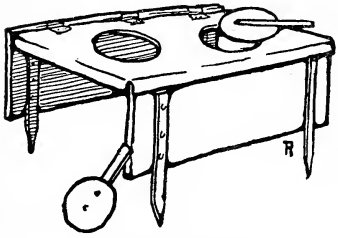
Other tools the troop will require to take to camp are, a large handsaw, a round-point shovel with short handle, a $\frac{1}{4}$-inch auger, perhaps a sickle and a pick, this depending on whether grass or weeds must be cut and if the ground is rocky; and a small garden spray, for spraying the disinfectants. Desirable accessories are a pair of wire-cutting pliers, a small square, a combination tool set, a tape measure, and a couple of tent needles. Supplies will include nails, tacks, screw hooks, few spools of soft wire, pulley, and rope for the flag-pole, strong rope for suspension bridge building, if any is planned, ball of twine, three or four clothes-lines, canvas for patching tents if needed.

The Camp Chests. — Two boxes will be required to carry these tools, accessories, the cook and mess-kit, and the stove or stoves. They should be strongly constructed, to withstand rough handling, and may well be specially made instead of the usual packing boxes. If this is done, each should be 36 inches long, 30 inches wide, and 24 inches deep, outside dimensions, and have two removable lengthwise partitions. The lid should swing on a pair of hinges from which the pins can be withdrawn, and be secured with hasp, staple, and padlock. Such a box should have a rope handle at each end, and be roped for shipping. In camp, set on its side, on a couple of square sticks of wood, with the lid removed and the partitions in place it becomes a good table and cupboard for the commissary tent. Two boxes placed

end to end furnish a table 6 feet long by 2 feet wide, with 32 square feet of shelf room underneath. The lids, placed on makeshift supports, will furnish another big table.

For the camp stove, I doubt if any Boy Scout troops have found anything better than the two shown in accompanying illustrations, which I shall describe.

A Collapsible Camp Stove. — The plan of the "collapsible" stove may be a by no means new idea, although I have reason to believe it is the invention of Mr. DeWitt Smith, of Yankton, S. D. He made such a stove, or had it made for him, a few years ago. And from a sketch of it sent me by a mutual friend, I had a local tinsmith make one for me. For the purpose for which it was made, it is certainly a complete success. Its construction is shown in the drawing. Both sides are hinged, and it folds flat like a screen. The top is stiffened by a couple of strips of strap iron, riveted on the under side, and by having the edges of the holes bent around a hoop of round iron. The sides are likewise stiffened by the edges being bent around round iron, and by the legs. The hinges are ordinary strap hinges riveted on. Dimensions are: top, 10 x 20 inches; sides, 6 x 20 inches, the legs extending 4 inches. Holes are 5 inches in diameter. One side folds under the top, the other over it. Material is sheet iron.

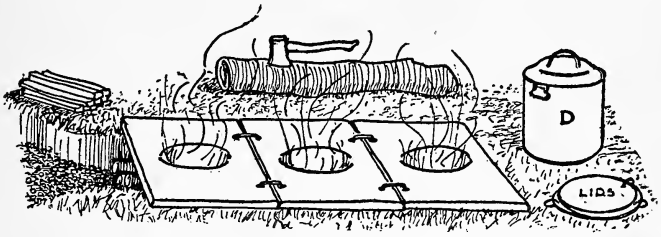


The Folding Camp Stove

A similar stove, but larger, having larger holes, placed farther apart, and one of heavier material, is necessary for

cooking for a troop; this one of mine is but for family use. Good dimensions would be: top 12 x 28 inches, sides 8 x 28 inches, and holes 8 inches in diameter. Two such stoves would do all the cooking for any average troop. And the cost should not be more than $3 each. My stove, which has unnecessarily elaborate construction, cost $2.50. By using a good stiff grade of sheet steel, no round iron work would be necessary.

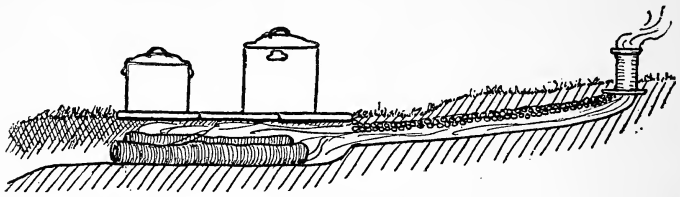
A Sectional Stove Top. — The sectional stove is nothing more than a top, and is used with a fire pit, as shown in the sketch. When I was in the Iowa National Guard, we



The Sectional Stove Top in Use; Flue Not Shown

had sheet steel stove tops for the different companies, but they were not sectional. Naturally, they were awkward to transport, and inclined to warp. When the question of a stove for our Boy Scout troop came up last summer, I thought of making a top of sheet steel, and having it in sections. And the result is most satisfactory. The sections are not exactly the same size, for the reason that they must "nest" one in the other, for transportation. Each one being turned down all around, as shown in the sketch, the top is thoroughly stiffened, and as the material is 16-gauge steel there has been no tendency to warp. The sections are con-

nected by wiring through eight small holes drilled for the purpose. Dimensions of the largest section are 15 x 24 inches. The holes are standard size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, one in each section.

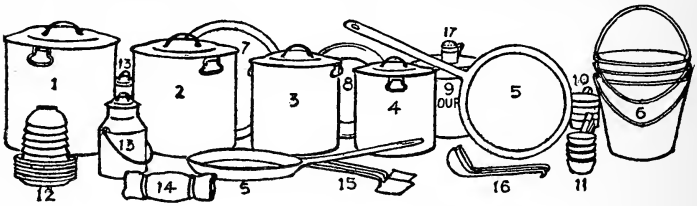


Cross-Section View of the Sectional Stove Top, Fire Pit, and Flue

A tile or a tin can will serve for the chimney. The trench for the flue is covered with brush, then with earth. A hillside site, with the flue uphill and the entrance to the fire pit downhill, adds efficiency, but is not always feasible.

Directions for using these stoves should not be necessary.

The "Tinware." — Cooking and mess utensils may be few and simple. But they must be good. The troop should buy them weeks before camping time, for the reason that they cannot be bought in the average housefurnishing



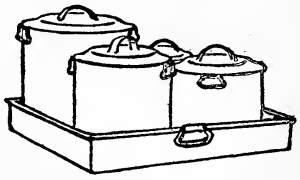
The Troop Cooking Kit

1 to 4, cooking pots; 5, frying-pans; 6, water pails; 7, serving trays; 8, pans; 9, flour cans; 10, quart measure; 11, dippers; 12, butter plates and covers; 13, milk cans; 14, cutlery kit; 15, cake turners; 16, ladles; 17, salt dredge.

store, but must be ordered. The kind made for hotels and restaurants, and nothing cheaper, should be chosen. The following will amply supply all practical needs for the average troop·

TROOP COOKING KIT

Two 7-gallon round wash boilers, with lids (14 x 14 inches).
Two 6-gallon soup stock pots, with lids (13 x $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches).
Two $4\frac{3}{4}$-gallon soup stock pots ($11\frac{1}{4}$ x $11\frac{1}{8}$ inches).
Two $3\frac{3}{4}$-gallon soup stock pots ($10\frac{1}{2}$ x $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches).
One 25 x 25 x 4-inch warming pan. (Like a roasting pan.) This will have to be made to order. Do not omit. A local tinsmith can make it.
Two 14-inch stamped steel frying-pans, with long handles riveted on. See sketch.
Three galvanized water pails (one for dish-washing).
Two small garbage buckets, one small enough to nest inside the other.
Two 1-gallon milk pails with lids.
Four flour cans, sizes to nest, largest 10 x 10 inches.
Four large serving trays.
One 12-inch tin tray for each Scout.
Four dippers.
Two cooking ladles.
Six large pans.
Six enamelled butter plates.
Six enamelled bowls for covers for butter plates.
Two-third dozen salt and pepper shakers (dredges).
Two cake turners.
Six large cooking spoons.
Three large cooking forks.
Two carving knives.
One butcher knife.
One-half dozen tablespoons.
One can opener.
One spring scale.
One quart measure.
One tin wash-basin.



The Warming Pan, and a Battery of Pots

Other House-Keeping Equipment. — In addition to the above, there will be needed: 3 dish mops, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen large dish

cloths, 6 yards of towelling, from 10 to 15 yards of yard-wide white oilcloth, according to number of Scouts going to camp, and 10 yards of cheesecloth.

All this — tools, utensils, etc., will go in the two camp chests, with room to spare for careful packing with straw and burlap. The burlap will be needed in camp.

Or course there will be other things — odds and ends that are handy in camp, but these need not be regular troop equipment, and will be mentioned in a later chapter when we come to packing up.

The garbage can? Get a great, big, strong one with side handles, and use it as a packing case to take some of your goods and chattels in. It will relieve you of the necessity of having more than one camp chest, although when you get to camp you will admit the other box would be mighty handy.

Yes, take a lantern. But be sure it is empty when it is packed. Carbide lights are better.

And the wash-basins? Why, what is the matter with the lake or the swimming hole? Of course, if it is to be a dry camp the need of some tin basins will be pretty urgent.

Hospital Equipment. — The Red Cross tent equipment need not be elaborate. In addition to a Red Cross hospital corps pouch and its contents, it may be necessary for the troop to provide nothing more than a stretcher, a couple of cots with blankets, *sheets and pillows*, a carbide lantern, some palm-leaf fans, mosquito netting, and an agateware toilet set. The Scout Master or his Assistant may be depended upon to have a pretty complete medicine kit, and to provide himself with such additional surgical supplies and medical stores as may be required. For the information of the Scout, I append a sample list.

MEDICAL STORES

1 jar carbolized vaseline.
2 tins borated talcum powder.
2 1-oz. bottles tincture of iodine, rubber cork.
1 drachm oil of cloves.
4 oz. aromatic spirits of ammonia, rubber cork.
2 boxes Seidlitz powders, 12 in a box.
6 oz. essence of ginger.
4 doz. 3-gr. quinine sulphate tablets or capsules.
50 soda mint tablets.
100 $\frac{1}{4}$-gr. calomel and bicarbonate of soda tablets.
1 6-oz. bottle of aromatic castor oil cordial.
100 sun cholera tablets (Poison — use with caution).
100 3-gr. Dover's powder tablets.
100 5-gr. asperin tablets.

SURGICAL SUPPLIES

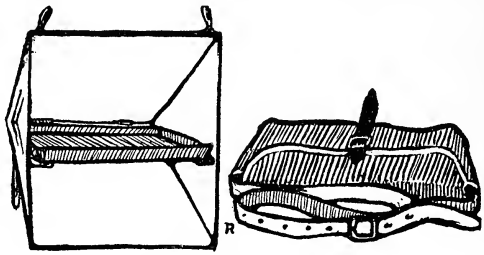
1 package antiseptic gauze, in small, sealed envelopes.
8 gauze roller bandages, sizes 1 to 3 inch.
2 small cartons sterilized absorbent cotton.
2 U. S. Army first aid dressings.
1 roll oiled silk in tube.
1 roll muslin for bandages in mailing case.
1 roll 3-inch adhesive plaster.
1 roll $\frac{1}{2}$-inch adhesive plaster.
1 paper medium size safety pins.
1 paper medium size common pins.
6 assorted surgeon's needles, with catgut, in sterile tubes.
25 corrosive sublimate tablets (blue).
$\frac{1}{4}$-lb. boric acid powder.
1 cake germicidal soap in box.
6-oz. bottle carbolic acid.
1 1-minute clinical thermometer.
1 pair straight artery forceps.
1 pair curved artery forceps.
1 pair bandage scissors.

1 pair fine-pointed splinter forceps.
1 No. 6 soft rubber catheter.

SEPARATE KIT FOR THE TREATMENT OF SNAKE BITE

1 hypodermic syringe.
1 surgeon's bistoury.
1 Esmarch tourniquet.
1 stick silver nitrate in a blue bottle.
1 bottle of 100 $\frac{1}{30}$-gr. strychnia sulphate tablets.

Hypodermic injections should ordinarily only be made by a physician. However, with the hypodermic needle and



A Folding Baker and Its Case
This is not mentioned in the text. Necessary only if bread and biscuits must be baked in camp, then almost indispensable. It cannot be used with a fire pit — it requires a high fire.

four articles last mentioned, any well-balanced man can successfully treat dangerous serpent wounds if he follows carefully the directions for their use given by Dr. Charles Stuart Moody, in his excellent little book, "Backwoods Surgery and Medicine," a handbook every Scout Master should have. He naturally will also have the "American Red Cross Text Book on First Aid and Relief Columns."

Medical stores and surgical supplies will not be carried

promiscuously, but in a case or two specially made for the purpose, fitted with screw-top, square, glass bottles. To facilitate the arrangement of these in a compact case, some of the supplies I have mentioned as being contained in a 6-ounce bottle will be divided between two smaller ones.

First Hand Information. — I do not designate the uses for the different medicines, because the Scout or Scout official who is in charge of such an outfit must certainly have also at least the two handbooks I have mentioned, a notebook filled with directions for ministering to the sick, and a good knowledge of his work. If, however, the reader is interested in becoming the Scout nurse of his troop, and has to start at the beginning he has made in passing his Boy Scout Second- and First-Class tests in first aid, this list will serve as a first-rate lever with which to pry his way into the confidence of his family physician and the corner pharmacist. This, in the end, will result in a far better knowledge, a far safer knowledge, I may even say, than he might have when called upon to use the medicines, etc., I have listed, if he were to rely upon the brief instructions I could give him in the few lines I would have space for in this book. And it is certain that he would not take the list to the doctor and the druggist if such instructions were given.

Canvas Water Bottle
Handy, but not a necessity. Keeps water sweet and cool.

Copy the list into your "doctor book," which should be a loose-leaf notebook of pocket — not vest-pocket — size. Then write down all you can learn, from authoritative sources, about the proper use of such an outfit. And you'll be well on your way to becoming a pretty safe

camp "doctor," a fellow we are all glad to have about after his first enthusiasm has settled down to the sober seriousness that proves it was not a "flash in the pan."

"**Foiled!**" — The Scout Master, of course, is the chief surgeon of the troop. And when you get to camp he may, if any real sickness developes, knock the props from under your pride in your knowledge and equipment by taking the sick boy home right away in an automobile. Even so, if you have helped to diagnose the difficulty you will have done much. You should be encouraged to cheer up and wait for something less serious. Some fellow is apt to get a mild case of abdominal cramp. Then a little of that ginger — but that is telling!

As this is a boy's book, we will not bother about the Scout Master's kit. If it suits him, and the quartermaster doesn't kick, it certainly is no affair of ours what he takes, and we will skip along about our business. Anyhow, it is getting close to camping time. Lots doing in the next chapter!

CHAPTER VII

OFF TO CAMP

LUCKY for you that you have been detailed for duty in the work of getting everything "prepared" for the big day when the troop is to be off to camp. Otherwise the last few days would be painfully slow to pass.

The treasurer of the troop has been collecting the "camp dues" from the Scouts, the quartermaster has been checking over the outfit, making careful inquiries, and doing more or less dickering about transportation charges. A detail has been at work overhauling the tents, tools, cooking and mess kits, etc. The troop comedian has been laying mysterious plots for a "big show." And the poor "Committee on Grub!" They report suffering with chronic headache. "It is bad enough to have to figure out a grub list," they say, "but trying to get any one in this bunch to agree on even one day's menu is the limit!"

The "Cruel" Scout Master. — Meantime the Scout Master has maintained a discouragingly distant attitude. Says he isn't running any boarding camp for Boy Scouts, and hopes everybody understands it. He has the notion that the Scouts should make all the preparations themselves, and report to him through their troop officers. Well, maybe he has his own troubles getting his affairs arranged so he can get away. And of course it is good practice for

you Scouts to have responsibility — teaches you initiative. Nevertheless, it is a good thing the Scout Master is going to "go over things" before he sends the advance detail, or "pioneers," up to the camp ground, which will be the day before the troop leaves. You would feel rather uncertain about what would be the outcome if he were not.

Comes the last troop meeting. No scouting that night; everything is strictly business.

The treasurer makes his report — certain disbursements for equipment, and so many Scouts "paid up" at so much each. Good! My, isn't there a bunch going!

Next, as purchasing agent and quartermaster, the secretary reports what the cost for transportation will be, and submits a grub list. Whereupon the Board of Directors of the troop immediately go into executive session and take the grub list with them. Anxious time for the Committee on Grub.

When at last they return, and the Scout Master calls the troop to order, he says he is well satisfied with the reports from the various officers of the troop, everything is in fine shape, and he "guesses he will go along and help run the camp."

Frantic cheering! Of course there was never any doubt that he would go, but he is a good bluffer when he wants the boys to do a thing themselves and learn all about it.

No Soap! — "I have only one criticism," he says, when things quiet down. "And that is not exactly a criticism, but an inquiry. In looking over the list of grub which I have been asked by the Board of Directors to purchase, I do not find any mention of soap. I didn't like to say anything about it in the board meeting, because it would

have been embarrassing to me if the omission is intentional. But I want to ask the troop if they don't think we ought to ——"

More cheering, while a memorandum is scribbled on the grub list. Funny how the Scout Master has to have his little joke! Or is it his way of giving the boys something to cheer about? Anyhow, they certainly like to yell.

Before dismissing the troop, the Scout Master instructs them for the last time about the time and place of starting, and the essential things to bring. Everybody goes home walking on air — except, perhaps, the Scout Master, who has to buy all those groceries in the morning, and doubtless has forty-'leven other things of his own to attend to. But you may depend upon it that he heaves a sigh of satisfaction when he thinks how thoroughly the boys have made their preparations and how little they have left for him to do. He is only buying the groceries because of his larger experience, and the fact that he wants to be the one to have the blame if everything is not all right.

Buying the Grub. — As in the case of many Boy Scout troops going camping, it is advisable to ship most of the provisions from the home town or city. Express will be paid by the grocer, because of the size of the order. He may even give the troop a discount to help them along. But the Scout Master must be careful not to order too much of anything. Better run out of some things and have to get more from the best source of supply near camp. So, after carefully checking over the grub list with the menu, and taking into account the number going to camp, and the length of time they will be there, he rewrites the list in two parts, as follows:

GRUB LIST, ETC.

For thirty members eight days in camp

Part I — First Order.

40 lbs. bacon (4 sides).
16 " ham (2 hams, smoked).
12 cans salmon (1 lb. cans).
5 " crisco (small).
6 lbs. butter (in 2 crocks).
5 " peanut butter (in crock).
15 " prepared flour.
10 " yellow cornmeal.
4½ " rolled oats.
20 " best rice.
6 " macaroni.
25 " pea beans.
15 " prunes.
10 " dried apricots.
5 " peaches.
4 packages seeded raisins.
45 lbs. granulated sugar.
10 " coffee (ground, in can).
2 " tea.
3 " cocoa.
2 small bags salt.
36 cans soup (assorted).
12 " evaporated milk.
24 " corn.
24 " baked beans.
4 " tomatoes (1 gallon cans).
1½ crates lemons (18 dozen).
1 gallon maple syrup.
2 cans molasses (quarts).
5 lbs. orange marmalade (in tub).
1 bottle cider vinegar (quart).

3 bottles catsup.
1 " olive oil.
½ lb. dry mustard (in can).
¼ " nutmegs.
¼ " black pepper (in can).
6 cans scouring powder.
6 cakes borax soap.
3 " hand soap.
4 doz. coach candles.
1 package matches.
6 rolls toilet paper.

Part II. — Buy While at Camp, as Needed.

3½ bush. potatoes.
3 pecks onions.
6½ doz. loaves bread.
8 " eggs.
9 lbs. butter.
6 " cheese.
36 " fresh beef (chuck steak).
8 " lamb (shoulder).
8 " frankfurters.
30 quarts fresh milk.
8 doz. molasses cookies.
4 cans chloride of lime.
2 gal. kerosene.

If Available

Fish.
Fresh fruit.
Fresh vegetables.

If you think that looks like a lot of provisions, you would be even more impressed if you were to be one of the advance

detail that escort the first order to camp and stack it up in the commissary tent.

Where the Money Goes. — The bill will make a big hole in the camp fund, too, and very likely set the Scout Master to figuring and worrying a little. He wants to feed the boys well, and knows there certainly is nothing elaborate or extravagant about this list; every bit of it is needed. Yet when he gets the prices and has everything figured out, he finds that he has arranged to spend more than the $90 that the thirty Scouts, himself and his assistant included, have set aside for grub. So he will, unless the cost of provisions is considerably lower than they were to our troop last summer.

But you need not worry. That is one advantage of being a Scout instead of a Scout Master. Now that you know what the troop's rations consist of, you can "trust your life to it," or provide yourself with some pocket money for extras. There will be no pies, no puddings, no layer cakes or strawberry shortcakes, or ice-cream.

While the Scout Master is busy with his commissary problems, and the troop quartermaster is getting his bags and boxes packed and ready, you are putting the last touches on your own preparations. You wish most heartily you had been chosen one of the advance detail, to go to camp a day ahead of the troop, but only four can go. Well, perhaps you are entitled to be one of them, the leader at that, and the right-hand man of your Scout Master. But for the purposes of this book, I am supposing you to be just an average Scout, not yet wearing a First-Class badge.

Time to Get Nervous. — During the last few days there seems to be always at least a couple of Scouts at the Scout

Master's house. It is a common meeting place, anyhow. It is the news headquarters just now. "The grub is gone" is the report at last. "Scout Master and the baggage, too." "Why weren't you around to help load up?" "Have you got your pack ready?" "Bright and fair to-morrow, fellows, according to the weather report." "Let's go swimming." "Hey, how can you do that when your bathing suit is on the train?" "Where will we be this time to-

"That Reminds Me"
When the time to go draws near, you carry something like this perpetually in your mind's eye.

morrow?" So much excitement that it gets on your nerves, and you go for a walk with your chum to pass the time.

When you go to bed that night you have your Scout uniform laid out for the morning, your blanket-roll strapped, and your pack-sack at last loaded to suit you. Another boy probably would lie awake half the night, too excited to sleep. As a boy I did it myself, over no more important an event than that I was going to help drive a carload of cattle to market. But you have had a good big walk, you are prepared in every way for your trip, and in spite of parental predictions to the contrary you are asleep in a jiffy. Scout training goes a long way.

The Day of Days. — What was that? Bugle! Sure — Rossiter, next door, has beaten you out of bed. You jump out, snatch the screen out of the window, and stick out your head. "Oh, you rooster!" and your chum is Rossiter no more, but Rooster.

Your yesterday's calmness has forsaken you, and you can hardly eat your breakfast, you are in such a hurry. Plenty of time, too; but when you're going you want to "git."

Down at headquarters at last. Scouts coming in all directions. The Scout Master, who arrived back from camp at midnight, is across the street talking to a newspaper reporter. He has told some one that "the pioneers went fishing last night when he left camp." "No, there aren't any other Scouts camping at the Lake." "A dusty five-mile hike, he says." Everybody crowds around.

At seven o'clock sharp, the Scout Master blows his whistle. "Fall in," is the order, and in a jiffy the troop is standing at attention in double rank formation, every Scout in his place. The troop leader steps out, clicks his heels together, draws his book, and calls the roll in rapid-fire fashion. Then he faces about, salutes the Scout Master, and says, "Sir, the troop is formed. All who are going to camp are present!" There is another exchange of salutes, the troop leader takes his place in the rank of file closers. A sign from the Scout Master, and, "Rap-tap, rap-a-tap, b-r-r-r-r-r-rrrrip boom!" Away swings the fife, drum, and trumpet corps, numbering six. Two of them are in camp, two cannot go, and two are in the troop. A sharp command and the troop follows in column of fours. Off at last! You feel like letting out a wild Indian whoop.

New Scenes. — Two hours later you alight from the train

in a strange town. And while the blanket-rolls and pack-sacks are being loaded on a wagon you run to buy picture post cards. At the post-office a group of the fellows are talking to a strange Scout not in uniform. Others are in the corner drug-store getting a last round of ice-cream sodas and stocking up on candy and chewing gum.

Suddenly the hurry-up "assembly" call rings out from a trumpet at the depot. Everybody runs. And in short order the troop is formed and is swinging away down the grade out of town, following the baggage wagon, on which rides the grinning bass drummer in charge of the drums. He alone may ride, because of his precious drum.

"Gee," says the Scout next to you, in an undertone, "I left nearly a whole soda. Just got one good gulp." "Funny we aren't carrying our colours," interjects another. "Funny nothing; you don't carry them on a hike."

"Right by twos!" is the order. Then, "At ease, March." That means the Scout Master doesn't want any noise while you are on the streets of the town; at the same time he isn't showing you off by making you keep step.

A few blocks and you strike the bottom of a long hill. "Route step, March!" And out bubbles the noise. "Oh, you mountain!" "Hey, keep off my heels." "Stop kicking up so much dust." "Can we see the lake when we get up the hill?" "Aw, what do you think! The lake's miles away. Do you think you're climbing Pike's Peak?" "Hey, Happy, did you bring your sunbonnet?"

The Hike to Camp. — There is a short rest at the top of the hill; some get a drink at a nearby well. Then, a few blocks farther along, you suddenly find yourself walking in the dust of an unimproved country road. "String

out," is the call. "Too much dust. Gee! its going to be some hike."

It is indeed quite a tramp. By the time the Scout Master calls the last halt, there are some stragglers, despite the fact that he has repeatedly cautioned the guide to set a moderate pace and reprimanded several of the larger Scouts for crowding ahead out of their places, too eager to get to camp. And it is a hot day.

On the march again. The Scout Master halts the troop, and opens a gate at the roadside. "A-h-h-h!" "Whoopee!" "Just over that knoll," "I can smell the lake." He blows his whistle for attention. "Boys, do you see the tops of those spruce trees over there? The camp is just to the left of them, out in the field. You mustn't break ranks till I tell you to. It's too hot a day and you're in no shape to run uphill. Forward, March!"

At the brow of the knoll, the camp is still hidden by an old apple orchard and an immense barn. But the lake spreads gloriously to view and there is a chorus of ohs and ahs. "Halt! Now, don't knock down any barbed-wire fences or upset the barn. And don't drink too much water when you get there. No penalty for not running, but a heavy fine for flying. You might scare a horse or a mowing machine or something. Now, go!"

What a race! Drab uniforms scurrying everywhere, helter-skelter. Through the orchard, over a fence, some to the left of the big barn, others to the right of it. A scatter of yells as the camp is sighted, a last, long, down-grade sprint across an open field — and then, amid much gasping for breath and rolling on the grass, the inevitable argument as to who was the first to reach camp.

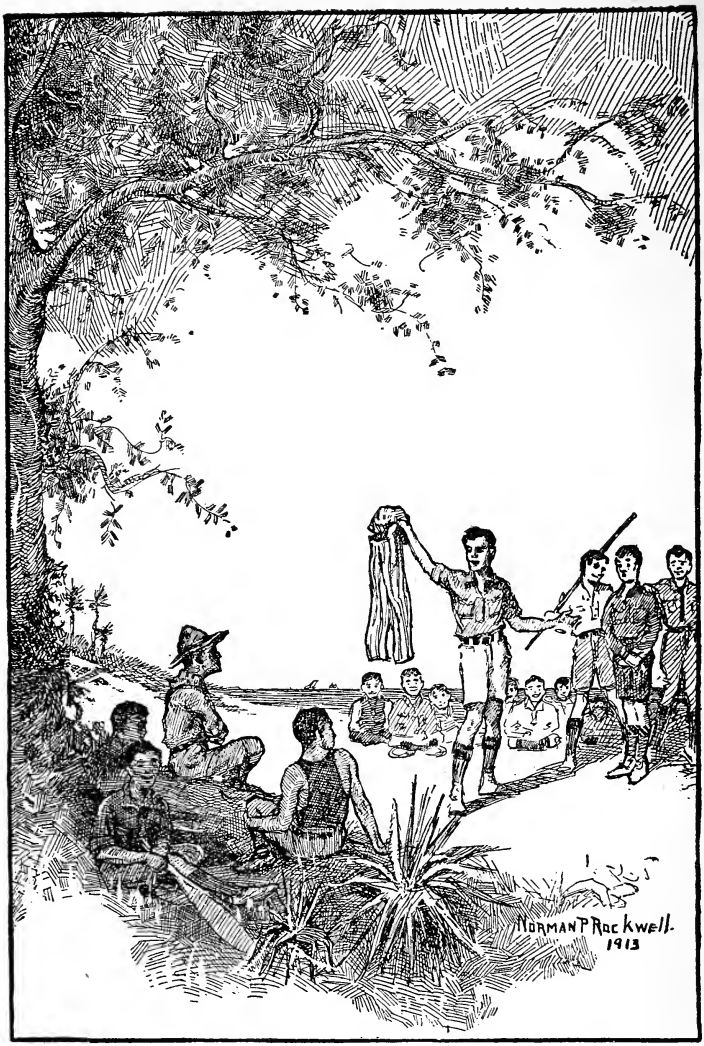
The grinning pioneers have dinner well under way. The baggage is piled high in the middle of the camp ground. In the headquarters tent the Scout Master and his assistant are changing their uniforms. "What are we to do next?" some one asks. "Beat it — take a look around," is the reply. And in almost no time at all the Scouts are scattering everywhere.

Looking Things Over. — After an hour of unrestrained exploration, the boys begin to straggle back to camp. Some one declares he is going to get his mess-kit out of his pack. There is a concerted rush at the baggage, a wild scrimmage, and in short order a din of cups pounding plates, which in some unaccountable way drifts into a regular cadence, and soon an impromptu "war dance" is in full swing.

Meantime the Scout Master has been in final consultation with the pioneer cooks. Nobody sees him signal to Rooster, nobody sees the trumpet brought to the grinning lips, but there is no question about everybody hearing the first trumpet call in camp, or knowing what it means:

"Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean,
Coffee, coffee, coffee, without a bit of cream,
Porky, porky, porky, without a streak of lean."

Could anything be more appropriate? Starting camp discipline with a call to mess will never fail of making a hit in a Boy Scouts' camp. There is a rush to get into line, a brief interval of plate, bowl, and cup filling, a scattering to seats on the ground, and — that wagonload of groceries commences to furnish the "power" of the troop. The machinery of the camp is running at last, "on its own steam."



KANGAROO COURT CONVENES

The Cluck-Cluck Clan of a Florida troop initiate a new member of the troop, his particular "offence" being the wearing of pajamas.

CHAPTER VIII

MAKING CAMP

DINNER over, the Scouts all go to the lake to wash their dishes, then hurry back to be ready for the work of making camp. There is much to do. At one o'clock Rooster blows assembly, and the troop leader forms the troop.

Quickly the Scout Master assigns the work. First, he says, the tents must be pitched. Then those who want to may change their uniforms. Assembly will be blown fifteen minutes after the tents are up, and all who wish to cut poles to build stretcher cots must so report at that time; there must be no folding cots set up, no poles cut nor ticks filled until the work is ordered. The tents and poles are all laid out in a row, and each tent leader will take the tent and stakes assigned to him, and the other three Scouts of his squad will each take a pole. Marking stakes show where the upright poles of each tent must go. "Twos forward, twos right, March! Right by file, March! Column left, March!" And the right guide of the troop, having taken his tent and a bag of stakes, leads the way around the big inner circle of marking stakes, the troop following, until there is a tent leader at each stake, and the command "Halt!" is given. "Prepare to pitch tents," and there is a scurry to comply.

Pitching the Tents. — The tent leader, a patrol leader, assistant patrol leader, or ranking Scout of each tent, takes the ridge pole and lays it with each end touching a marking stake, adjusts the upright pole at right angles to it, and on the side opposite that from which the wind blows, then directs his tent-mate with the other pole to place it in a similar manner at the other end of the ridge pole. Next, with the assistance of all, he spreads the tent with the ridge on the ridge pole and the roof lying to right and left of it, just as a tent would fall if the upright poles were suddenly to vanish and allow it to collapse. He tosses tent pegs and guy-stakes to each of the four corners, then finds the door loops and drops them over the front marking stake, and directs his assistant, No. 2, to drop the centre loop in the rear wall over the stake at the other end. He now goes to the front right-hand corner of the tent, and directs No. 2 to go to the rear corner on the same side, No. 3 to the front corner on the opposite side, and No. 4 to the remaining corner. "Now, square her up," orders Nick, leader of your tent squad and patrol leader of the Simon Kentons. "Steady. Not so far back; get your line from the way she pulls on the stake. All square? Peg her down!" Out come the Scout axes, and down it is.

Team Work. — "Now each take a corner guy-rope and a stake. Got 'em? Now step backward two paces in line with the end of the tent. Right. Now one pace to the front for us at this end, and a pace to the rear for you two at the back. Right. Gouge a mark with your heel where you stand. Now listen: Drive your stakes for the guy-ropes on a slant, with the top leaning at an angle of about forty degrees from perpendicular and of course in the direction

opposite to the guy-rope. Hammer 'em in. Don't foozle it now, or we'll be behind."

The corner guy-stakes driven, the guy-ropes are dropped over them and loosely adjusted. The tent leader orders the guy-ropes and corner loops on the lee side taken off the stakes and pegs, and slips the door loops off the front marking stake. Next he raises the ridge pole, upright and tent at the front to his hips, while No. 2 does the same at the rear; both adjust the upright pins in the grommet holes on the tent ridge. Nos. 3 and 4 stand at the front of the tent ready to enter and raise the uprights. "Watch out now, the others are nearly ready. Aw, some of them are still driving stakes. All done now — watch out!"

"Duck in the tent now, you two fellows," says Nick. "Got your poles now? All ready. Steady now, wait for the whistle."

"Up with her!" And simultaneously with the blast of the Scout Master's whistle eight tents rise as one, the Scout Master and his Assistant erecting the hospital tent.

While Nos. 3 and 4 support the uprights of his tent, each tent leader and his assistant, No. 2, now drop the lee corner guy-ropes over their stakes and partly tighten them, secure the lee corner loops of the tent, then go around and take up the slack of the corner guy-ropes on the weather or windward side. Nos. 3 and 4 are now called out, and with a Scout at each corner the four guy-ropes are adjusted so the tent stands properly. With two Scouts on each side, the remaining stakes and pegs are driven and the tent is soon completely guyed and pegged. Then the scramble to get into shorts and gym shirts.

Dressed for the Fray. — When you emerge, glad of the

change to cooler garb, you feel so good you fall to admiring the camp. Consternation! The Scout Master has left too much space where the mess-tent is going to be, and on both sides of his tent, directly opposite; the circle of tents will not be complete. You mention it to the quartermaster, who squelches you by inquiring how you expect any one could get into or out of the camp if no passageways were left. To console yourself, you immediately go on a hunt for some other greeny, with the intent of trapping him into making a similar blunder. But assembly stops you and sends you flying to your place in ranks.

"There is a lot more work to do, boys," says the Scout Master. "Those who have folding cots hold up hands." Up go eight hands. "All right, hands down. You, John," to one of the pioneers, "are on cook duty. Don't forget to report for it at four o'clock. In the meantime, I want you eight fellows who have folding cots to put up the mess-tent. Mr. Tilton will direct the work.

"Now, how many have ticks? Hands up. Good. Hands down. I'll take the three largest of you to help me dig the latrine trench and put up the tent. The remaining seven will cut wood for the fire and start work on the tables and benches for the mess-tent. But keep away from the mess-tent till it is up. Get your boards, cut them to even lengths, cleat them together, and cut and sharpen the stakes. There is a pile of old fence rails down by the ice-house we can have for the stakes. You will be in charge of the quartermaster, who will designate the two who are to cut the firewood. You may fill your ticks when recall is blown; straw in the barn.

"The rest of you, who have stretcher beds to make, will

be in charge of the troop leader. Cut no poles without his permission. He will chop a kerf in the saplings he selects.

"Pioneers, do not forget to start supper preparations at four o'clock; better start the fire at 3.45. Mess call at six o'clock.

"Fall out!"

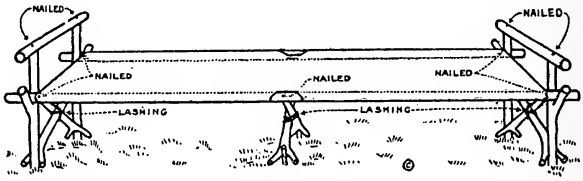
Making a Bed. — You consider yourself fortunate in having to build a stretcher bed. But before you get it half completed you are not so enthusiastic. In the first place, the troop leader, "Sirdar" Sisson, insists upon what seems to you to be unnecessary pains in making it strong enough. And he makes you roll your stretcher around the poles before you nail them, so it will not sag — says you should have known better than to bring a 30-inch stretcher, 26 inches being all he will allow. "Suppose everybody had a 30-inch bed, where would you stand up in the tent?" Last of all, he tells you to stake forked sticks at the middle, something like the legs of a sawbuck, to hold the side poles so they will not sag. Just as if a little sag is going to hurt! Who's got to sleep on that bed, anyhow? Before you get through with your troubles, recall has been sounded and "Pud" and "Tilly," the two fellows in your tent who have ticks, come bundling in with them and get in your way. But you stick doggedly at your task, and at last unroll your blankets and make up your bed, feeling just a little homesick.

Then in comes Nick with his folding cot, fresh from his labours with pick and shovel at the latrine. "Gee!" he exclaims, dropping his bundle. "Say, you've got some bed there, Bunkie. Why didn't you tell me you were a carpenter? I'd have saved the price of this collapsible con-

traption of mine and got you to show me how to make a real Scout's bed."

Homesick? Huh! You swell out your chest. "I had an argument with the Sirdar about it; he said I was rushing it too much."

"Rushing it! Say, I'll bet it takes the prize for the best stretcher bed in camp. It's as good as Sirdar himself can make. You want to get wise to the Sirdar's little peculiarities. He's a good friend to you."



A Good Way to Make a Stretcher Cot

Quick Work. — Out you go for a look around. Rooster, all animation, as usual, nearly runs you down. "Say, this bunch certainly have worked this afternoon," he exclaims. "Go look in the mess tent. All the tables and benches finished. They borrowed a crosscut saw up at the house and cut the rails and boards by the wholesale. They're putting the oilcloth on the table now. I've been helping dig the latrine trench. Got to stick up my cot now and get washed." And he is off.

A round of the tents reveals that you really have a good stretcher bed, thanks to the Sirdar's bossing. Everybody is bustling to get things in shape for the night. You inspect the mess-tent, which is fine, and in natural sequence gravitate to the fire to the rear of it, where the pioneers are busy. "Beat it!" is the greeting you receive. "Nobody

allowed here except those on cooking duty. Scout Master's orders."

Well, you've had a smell of supper, anyway. That reminds you of your mess-kit, which you put back in your pack after dinner. You start after it, and encounter Pudley, who has cut his hand and is heading for your tent. You go along with him and get out his first-aid kit. "Gee-whitaker!" he exclaims as the iodine "takes hold," and dances on one leg a while, then pirouettes on the other. "All right, Jim, wrap her up. Doesn't hurt any more."

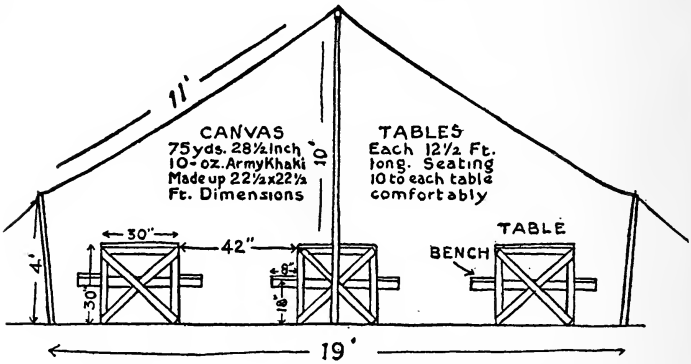
Together you go to the lake and wash, and by the time you return, the quartermaster is looking for the Scout Master. "Tell him supper is ready," you hear him direct one of his pioneers, and you dash into camp for your mess-kit. But others are ahead of you, and already plates and bowls are being whacked together, in time with the latest chant, "Yip, yip, the elephant bit his lip."

Inelegant, but Better than the Ground
The "springs" are made of heavy twine

"**Cafeteria Style.**" — The Scout Master steps out of his tent, followed by Rooster, trumpet in hand. The Scout Master holds up his hand for silence. "Hats off at supper," he says. And while the Scouts are diving into their tents with their hats, the "gladsome notes" of the mess-call ring out. There is a rush to get into line — not the first-come, first-served crowding line of noon, but regular troop formation — and in a jiffy the troop file down to the rear of the mess-tent and halt at the serving bench, where the cooks have placed a row of steaming kettles. The Scout

Master takes charge of the first, his Assistant the next, and the troop officers the others in order of rank. "'Cafeteria style,' boys," says the Scout Master. "Take a tray off the pile on the end of the bench here, put your knife, fork, spoon, cup and bowl on it, hold the tray in one hand and your plate in the other and pass by and be served. Find seats at the tables to suit yourselves to-night; your places will be marked to-morrow. All right, Nick, come on!"

"Say, this beats sitting on the ground." "Hey, leave a



Arrangement of Tables Under the Big Fly that Serves for the Mess Tent

place for the officers at that table — leave the whole side for them." "This table isn't level." "Aw, what do you expect? You ought to be glad you have a table to eat from. You didn't do anything but build your bed." "I did so. I carried water for the cooks." "Please pass the salt." "Say, this is some cooking, for Scouts." And so on, with a noticeable increase in good nature as plates, bowls and cups are emptied.

Candle-Lighting Time. — After supper and the subse-

quent dish-washing, each Scout going to the lake with his own utensils, most of the boys turn their attention to getting their beds ready. Candles are supplied by the quartermaster. A few carbide lanterns appear. The Scout Master is in his tent and his Assistant has gone across the lake to see about milk and eggs. There will be no camp-fire, everybody is tired out. Rooster, dropping in, ventures the remark that he doesn't think half the fellows will hear taps, at 9.15 o'clock. He bemoans the fact that he must get up at 5.45 in the morning to call the cooks.

"At 5.45!"

"Sure. First call at 6.00, reveille at 6.15, assembly at 6.20, mess at 7.15. It's all up on the bulletin board at headquarters."

"Well, it can stay there till to-morrow. I'm tired. Going to turn in."

Kangaroo Court. — A wild yell from across the circle of tents: "Kangaroo! Kangaroo!" Out pile the Scouts, pellmell, and behold a suit of pink pajamas borne aloft on a Scout staff. "Sheriff, Sheriff!" yells Sheik Wilton, waving the trophy on high.

"All right, Sheik," answers Teddy Sahib Gregg, his usual partner in matters of this kind. "Here I am. Give me those pajams. Where's the guilty party?"

"Here he is, Sahib, in my tent," answers the Sheik. "Gailey's the one. Bad enough for a Scout to bring pajamas to camp, but for a Tenderfoot to bring *pink* ones!"

"Where's Pickles?" "Come on Pickles, get on your job — you're executioner, aren't you? Well, get the emblem of your office." "Oh, Judge! Where's Judge Woodbury? Oh, there you are." "Come on, gentlemen.

Bring your prisoner, Sheriff. Over here in the grove." And away go the whole troop, with the exception of the chuckling Scout Master.

This being your first encampment with the Scouts, you have never seen the Kangaroo Court in session, and your wonder is almost as great as that of the bewildered Gailey. As the Judge opens his court, sympathy for the prisoner, amusement, and amazement swiftly alternate in the control of your thoughts.

"Gentlemen, sit down," orders the Judge. "Hats off. I'm the only one who wears a hat in this court, and it is my badge of office. Now, what are we here for?"

Tomfoolery, or What? — The Sheik rises, bows low, and, looking very grave, addresses the Court at length, stating the fact of the discovery of the prisoner with a suit of pink pajamas.

"All right, sit down" says the Judge. "Prisoner, stand up!" And as Gailey complies, "You have heard the charge against you. Have you a lawyer to defend you?"

"No, sir," gasps poor Gailey.

"All right. Sirdar ——"

"Your honour, I object, I protest," yells the Sheik, jumping up. "As Prosecuting Attorney I object to the Sirdar serving as counsel for the defence. He's too fond of ice-cream soda and the prisoner would go broke squaring himself."

"Objection overruled," responds the Judge. "He doesn't get any fee unless he wins the case, and that is impossible."

"I don't think a lawyer could do much good," says Gailey, hesitatingly. "You've got the pajamas and ——"

"Your honour, he not only had those pajamas, but he

was going to put them on!" shouts the Sheik. "Right in front of me, too."

"Is that right, Gailey?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't know it was against the rules."

"*You didn't!* What has that got to do with it? Ignorance of the law does not excuse you. Sir, you are guilty! Guilty, do you hear me? For one thing, you are guilty of living in the same tent with the Prosecuting Attorney; which, if it is not a crime, certainly is not a compliment — to you. You also are guilty of causing this Court to convene when there is nothing to convene about. I warn you, sir, and especially the Prosecuting Attorney, also every one here, that this Court will not sit again in this camp to pass judgment on any such trivial matter. If you, Gailey, had been accused of carrying tales, or bullying, shirking your share of camp duties, or of boasting, or telling lies, or using profanity when the Scout Master was not around, or had done something else requiring the attention of this Court, you would get it, good and plenty.

"I sentence you to wear your pink pajamas inside out to-night, and to count the wearers of pajamas in the pajama parade to-morrow night, as penalty for having been made a yap of by a tent-mate who may be an Arab, despite his yellow curls and baby blue eyes, but whom this Court never has believed to be entitled to be called a sheik, but rather has considered more of a sham. Court's adjourned."

The First Mystery. — In bed, a half hour later, you are still wondering about it all. The strange part of it, to you, is that Sheik and Judge are chums. The case of Gailey was clearly thrown out of Court, and the Judge's warning must have been for the purpose of impressing the Scouts

that the Kangaroo Court is not organized for tomfoolery, but has a serious purpose. It is very mysterious; must have been framed up on purpose by the whole bunch, except Gailey. You are curious as to how the different officers get their appointments. And still wondering, you fall asleep.

At nine o'clock, Rooster, clad in his pajamas, steps out of the headquarters tent and, taking his cue from the absence of lights or talking in any of the tents, blows taps just as softly as he can:

"Sleep, and rest;
Sweetly rest;
Dreamless, rest
Thro' the dark hours of night;
And may God keep you safe
Till the light."

CHAPTER IX

CAMP DISCIPLINE

"UMPH!" You sit up in bed with a jerk, and blink your eyes.

"What's the matter?" growls Nick. "Think you was doing a high dive?"

You grin your explanations. "Where are Pud and Tilly?"

"Out somewhere. How'd you sleep?"

"Didn't sleep at all. Or, rather, I can't remember that I did. Woke up when those Indians commenced cheering out on the lake ——"

"What Indians?"

"How should I know. Weren't you awake? A bunch from up the lake, I guess. Came down here about midnight, I suppose it was, cheering for the Boy Scouts. They didn't get a peep out of this camp. Pud and Tilly hadn't been to sleep — couldn't get to sleep, they said. Didn't you hear them grumbling?"

The Old Story. — "First night in camp," explains Nick. "I guess quite a lot of the fellows didn't sleep much. I woke up at four o'clock and I heard talking then. Scout Master popped out and shut them up. Pud and Tilly were up and dressed, and he told them to hike out somewhere and not disturb the camp."

"Bet they don't do it to-morrow."

"Well, I guess not. They'll sleep. It's all in getting used to it. Anyhow, discipline starts to-day. Nobody will be allowed to get up before first call. Must be about time —— There goes first call."

"Gee, Rooster must have had his sleep," Nick continues as the call comes to its end with a flourish. "Plenty of ginger in that call. You don't have to turn out yet. First

Reveille Roll Call
Not many Scouts in this troop

call is just the waking call. The next is reveille, in fifteen minutes, five minutes before assembly. That gives us plenty of time, because we don't wash till after roll call and setting-up drill. It's fun to wait till reveille and then jump into your shorts and shoes."

But the whole camp is astir. And before you are dressed your early rising tent-mates return, overflowing with tales of discovery. Pud has caught three leeches, which he has in his soap box, and vows he will not go swimming in *that* lake. Tilly knows where there are just loads of meadow frogs, and predicts that Fred, his big brother, will keep the camp supplied with fish.

"If he gets time to fish," interposes Nick. "Just keep your eye on him and see how much time he has. Every time he wants to go fishing, he will have to be watching some of you kids in swimming to keep you from being carried off by the leeches. A Boy Scout camp isn't any vacation for the men."

"There goes reveille." "Let me out of this tent!" "Hey, take your menagerie with you, Pudley!" "Is the grass wet?" "Is it? My feet are soaked." "Well, why didn't you put on your rubbers, you dummy?"

The Day's Routine. — In almost no time at all, it seems to you, assembly is blown, and the troop is formed, with its right toward headquarters, and its left toward the mess-tent. The troop leader calls the roll, and then reads the Order of the Day:

	o'clock		o'clock
First call	6.00	Assembly	2.00
Reveille	6.15	Recall	3.45
Assembly	6.20	Swimming call	4.00
Mess	7.15	Recall	5.00
Fatigue	8.15	Mess	6.00
Assembly	8.30	First call	6.45
Officers' call	8.45	Assembly	7.00
Inspection	9.00	Retreat	7.05
Assembly	9.15	Tattoo	9.00
Recall	12.00	Taps	9.15
Mess	12.30		

He explains the meaning of the various calls, and says that hereafter they will not be read, but will be posted each day at headquarters. "Are there any questions?" he asks.

"When can we go fishing?" inquires a voice.

Days Off. — "Every Scout will have at least one whole day to go fishing if he wants to. That will be the day following that on which he is on cooking duty."

"Can't we go any other time?" It is Gailey who asks.

"You'll have to ask the Scout Master."

Mr. Tilton now appears, and the troop is turned over to him. He soon has you all thoroughly warmed up with a snappy setting-up drill, and you are dismissed to make your toilets. The morning plunge is not compulsory, but some of you take it, while others shiver to see you. It's fine and sets you all a-tingle, after which a good rub with your big bath towel leaves you feeling great.

This being the first time you have been at an organized camp, you are somewhat mystified by the amount of discipline, as outlined by the Order of the Day. You do not understand what fatigue duty means, and are ashamed to confess it. You are even more confused to hear it referred to as police duty. But finally, when you fall in with the troop after breakfast, in answer to the call, you find it is to clean up the camp.

The First Clean-Up. — The Scout Master marches the troop out of the campus in column of fours, throws it into twos, and then into a file. "Halt! Left, Face!" And a long rank of Scouts face the camp. "Pick up all litter, of whatever description; sticks, chips, everything. Forward, open order, March!" And when the troop halts at the edge of the grove, on the other side of the camp, the Scouts have collected a couple of bushels of rubbish, and the camp is clean as a whistle. A pioneer is directed to burn the litter, and the troop is dismissed with the warning that assembly will be sounded almost immediately.

"What on earth are we going to fall in all over again for?" you ask one of the fellows.

"Routine, son. Wait till you've been here a few days, and you'll see how everything is systematized. Everybody on the job, under orders, and nothing gets neglected. There goes assembly. Come on, sprint or we'll get a calling down for being slow."

"Troop, attention! Eyes, Right. Front!" and the troop leader takes his place.

The Scout Master, with a bit of a smile, commands the troop to stand at Rest. "Boys," says he, "before we do anything else, I want you to elect some one Scout for the honour of selecting the tree for the flag-pole, cutting it down, superintending its erection in camp, and raising the flags."

Pandemonium! After a little, it being evident that a decision can be made, the Scout Master blows his whistle for attention. "Nominations are in order."

"Judge Woodbury." "Woodbury." "Lynn Woodbury." And in short order Woodbury has it. Then his two assistants are chosen, and they, like he, are necessarily First-Class Scouts. These three name nine other Scouts to help them.

"All right," says the Scout Master. "When the troop is dismissed, Woodbury, hunt up your tree. The ceremony will follow the next assembly, as some of your helpers are down for the next trick at the cook-tent.

"Now, then, the pioneers have finished their work. The detail to succeed them as cooks, wood gatherers, water carriers, and Handy Scout are as follows": And he reads off seven names, in alphabetical order. He explains that these Scouts will be on duty until relieved the next day at

this time, by another detail, after which they will be excused from any duty and not be required to answer any calls for the rest of the day.

Any Questions? — The Scout Master asks if there are any questions or complaints, and explains that at this time each day he will answer questions, receive requests and straighten out any difficulties.

"When can we go fishing?" asks Gailey, in a tone that makes you wish he had been well hazed last night.

"Day after to-morrow, Gailey," answers the Scout Master. "You will be on cook duty to-morrow. I'm glad you spoke of it," he continues, gravely. "I've noticed you seem rather strongly inclined to shirk your work. You no doubt have a mistaken idea of what discipline means. It means coöperation, more than anything else, and that is what we are here for, largely. I want to impress upon you new boys that the Order of the Day, as posted each day at headquarters, is the law of the camp. Those who want to get away and do something different from the program will have to do so on their days off, of which each Scout who behaves will have two.

"Our activities are not going to be such that anybody can get special privileges. If we have signal practice, everybody except those off grub duty will take part in it. If we have a field meet, the same rule applies. No Scout will be excused from the discipline of the camp, unless sick. The roll may be called at any assembly on the Order of the Day, or at an assembly ordered at any other time, perhaps even after taps at night. And any Scout absent without leave will get double duty cutting wood, carrying water, and policing camp, or such other punishment as I see fit to prescribe.

"Understand this, now, boys, and remember that you are here as members of a Boy Scout troop, and subject to the discipline of the troop all the time, day and night, till you are dismissed when we get back home. Obey orders, forget yourself, and work and play for the troop, as an integral part of it, and I promise you a good time."

The Scout Master has a quick eye for grumblers, all right. Good for him. Your sentiments exactly. Suppose every fellow had his own ideas about what he wanted to do and there were no discipline, what a lovely muddle there would be. You are for a clean camp every way.

For a Clean Camp. — The Scout Master instructs the troop about rolling up the tent walls, airing blankets, and guarding against unsanitary conditions. He has seen bread crusts and scraps of meat on the ground in the mess-tent, and about it. He will not tolerate any uncleanliness, of course, and does not expect to have to say anything more about the matter, because every Scout has taken the Scout oath to obey the Scout Law. "And being clean also means being neat. So spruce up your tents now — inspection at 9 o'clock. Those on cook duty will remain in ranks, in charge of Mr. Tilton. Fall out!"

"Some lecture," says Nick, as you enter your tent. "Gee! roll call after taps! Did you hear that? No sneaking out for a moonlight row. Scout Master means it, too. No funny business in this troop."

"Oh, Gailey will get his, all right, before we go home," predicts Pud. "He's got a mean way of looking at the Scout Master, and he takes all the time he dares when he is told to do anything. You just wait!"

"There's officers' call, Nick. Get a wiggle. We'll finish cleaning up."

Ready for Inspection. — Pud and Tilly and you turn to with a will, and soon have the tent in apple-pie order. Pud has suspended a long stick laterally, from the ridge-pole, with a couple of straps, and on this you hang your towels and pack-sacks. The latter hang just high enough so you can see into them without taking them down. Your uniforms hang on a couple of wire clothes hangers clamped on the upright at the back of the tent. Extra shoes, sneaks, rubbers, and axes are on a couple of boards, under your bed and Nick's. Pud and Tilly have piled their ticks, one on the other, in the back of the tent, and there is plenty of room. And when the officers come around on their tour of inspection, you jump up and stand at attention in front of the tent, as Nick has told you to. The Scout Master goes into the tent, looks around, and steps out in a jiffy. "Good work, boys," he says, and makes an entry in his book.

But it soon is a different story. When they come to Sheik's tent, across the circle, you hear a sharp command, and Gailey emerges sulkily from the tent, to get a verbal dressing down about something. You do not hear what it is about until after inspection, when Nick returns.

Double Duty. — "Why, he was sitting on his bed peeling an orange, and throwing the peel on the ground in the tent. And he didn't even have the decency to look up when the Scout Master stopped in front of the tent. He's got to chop wood to-day as well as to-morrow, with only one day off afterward. I'll bet he gets some ginger in him and acts respectfully from now on. The Scout Master put it right up to him. He had his choice to say he would comply with

the discipline of the camp and give no further trouble, or go home on the noon train. He toed the mark, you bet. I suppose he thought he was too big to be bossed around. Fine chance Sheik has to win the inspection honour any day for the neatest tent."

"That's always the way," says Pud. "Good thing it happened, though. It may teach one or two others a lesson. There won't be many asking for privileges. Gee! I'm glad to be in on the program; that's all I want."

"There goes assembly."

The pioneers, having been relieved from duty, are all going fishing. But they, and also the detail on grub duty, fall in with the troop for the flag-pole ceremony.

"Boys, the work of the camp is well in hand," says the Scout Master. "And you passed inspection in fine style. I have made some suggestions to some of the tent leaders, and Mr. Tilton will do a few odd jobs around the cook-tent with the Handy Scout during the day. Aside from that, we can take up our Scouting activities and our sports and fun. I'm glad we are to begin this as we are, with a new ceremony, which is both interesting and appropriate. This ceremony will be conducted throughout by the Scout elected by you this morning, who with his assistants was among those who studied it before coming to camp. After the ceremony, boys, Mr. Tilton will have you pile up the brush you made in cutting poles. After that, those not on duty are excused, to scout around camp, but must all be on hand at dinner. No swimming nor boating. I will conduct some First-Class examinations in the grove. All right, Woodbury; you may take charge."

The Flag-Pole Peg. — Stepping out of ranks to the rear,

Woodbury comes around in front and takes his position. In his hand he carries a brand-new Scout axe in its sheath. "Scouts," says he, "a hickory peg is driven deep in the ground marking the place in the exact centre of the circle where the hole for the flag-pole is to be dug. While you are hunting it I will go to the flag-pole tree, which no one knows but I. The Scout who finds the peg, which no one saw planted, since it was done by the Scout Master when he chose the camp-site, has the honour of digging the hole. And he may keep the peg as a souvenir. It was made of a piece of the wood of the same kind of cherry tree that George Washington cut down by mistake for a hickory tree before he learned scouting. When I reach the tree I will blow my whistle. The first Scout to the tree gets the privilege of helping to chop it down. Fall out!"

What a scramble! And who should find the precious peg but the disgraced Gailey! "Well, manual labour is in my line to-day," says he, with a surprisingly cheerful grin. "Where shall I look for the shovel?" But just then Woodbury's whistle is heard, away off in the woods along the lake shore.

The Flag-Tree Race. — Such a chase! Where the dickens is the Judge, anyhow? Everybody is running on guesswork. One of the last to get away, you come flying up where the leaders have halted, just as he is spied, fifty yards ahead, peeping out from behind his tree, and your momentum carries you into the lead, the other fellows having to make a fresh start. But some one gets going in mighty quick time, and how he does make you run! With your last jump you make a regular football dive for the tree, and — slam!

"It's a wonder you didn't break your collar bone," says Judge, when the world stops spinning around. "It's your chop. You certainly earned it."

"Who was next?" you ask, when at last you get your breath. "I was, you chump," and Rooster holds out his hand. "You didn't need to do that dive to beat me."

"Didn't I, though! Where did you get your speed?"

"It isn't speed, its wind. Blowing a trumpet does it."

Honours to the Flag-Tree. — "All right. Form the Scout circle, fellows," says the Judge. "Honours to this little ironwood tree, boys. Attention! Hats off!" Stepping back, he faces the north, makes the Scout sign, faces about, looks up to the tree's top, and addresses it:

> "E're loth we lay thee low, good tree,
> Know that thy death doth honour thee;
> Thy life thou givest to glorify
> The land for which we too would die.
> Proud be thy lot, that thou shalt be
> The standard, straight, of Liberty;
> Glad be thy fall, that thou may rise,
> To fling Old Glory to the skies."

Taking the new axe from its sheath, he next chops with three clean blows, a deep kerf on the north side of the tree. Then, again facing the north and giving the Scout sign, he says, "To remind every Scout to do his best to do his duty to God and his country, and to obey the Scout law."

The Sirdar now steps forward, and with three light blows chops a shallow kerf on the northeast side of the tree. "To remind every Scout to help other people at all times," he says.

The Sheik is next, and chops his kerf on the northwest

side. "To remind every Scout to keep himself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

He hands the axe to the Judge, who now calls you out, directs you to finish chopping down the tree, and orders the circle of Scouts to break away from the north side, to which he says the tree must fall, in compliance with the ceremony.

Felling the Tree. — Taking your cue from this, you chop the north kerf deeper, until you notice the tree begins to incline slightly in that direction. Then, standing on the west, with a few quick blows you chop out a kerf a little higher up on the south side, and jump back as the tree falls amidst a burst of applause.

The Judge and his two assistants quickly lop off the limbs, then tackle the more tedious job of peeling off the bark. No one else may touch the tree, but three are delegated to cut each a long forked pole to use in erecting the flag-pole. Everything goes by threes, according to Boy Scout usage.

When at last the long pole is clean and bright, the other nine assistants are called. With six Scouts on each side, representing the twelve sections of the Scout law, it is carried on cross sticks out to the camp. There the twelve Scouts soon have it securely planted, with a gilded ball fastened on top, and the halyard suspended from a galvanized pulley on a screw-eye screwed horizontally into the pole a couple of inches below the top.

Woodbury now orders the Scouts to put on their hats and coats, button the latter, and form a circle, no Scout to be nearer the flag-pole than the line of stakes holding the front corners of the tents. To make sure the ring is perfect,

he takes a clothes-line, loops one end around the flag-pole, and using the rope to describe an arc makes the circuit, placing patrol leaders and their assistants at intervals with instructions to make sure no one crowds forward.

The Flag Race. — "Now at the command 'Go!' remove hat, coat, and shoes, as for life saving, leave all of them behind the starting line, and run to the flag-pole. The first one to reach it will have the honour of hoisting the flags, providing it is found his hat, coat, and shoes are behind the starting line. Those wearing high shoes may unlace them and tie them six holes from the bottom, the same as sneaks. All shoes must be tied, and all coats fully buttoned, on honour. I and my two assistants will judge the race from the edge of the circle, each at a different point. In case of a close finish you are on honour to say who is the winner. If there is a tie, it will be run over. Are you ready?

"All right, remember your instructions. Ready, Set, Go!"

This time you are not in the running at all — too slow getting away. But you manage to get into the mêlée around the flag-pole in time to help hoist the winner on to the shoulders of his patrol mates, and to join in giving their yell:

"Coon up a tree,
Coon up a tree,
Don't shoot, he'll come down;
Davy Crockets,
Davy Crockets,
The Scouts that own the town."

Raising the Flags. — Again the Scout circle is formed, and the Judge ties Old Glory on the halyard, then below it the troop flag. Each is ingeniously rolled in a ball, so a sharp

jerk on the halyard at the proper time will break them both out. The halyard is given to the lucky Wheeler. Sheik, the singing leader of the troop, steps out and takes his place beside him. A signal from the Judge, and the two queer little bundles of bunting go jiggling up the tall pole. The Sheik raises his hand above his head. Another signal from the Judge, a jerk by Wheeler, and the flags are broken out magnificently on the morning breeze. Simultaneously, Sheik's arm swings down, every Scout's hat comes off and is held over his left breast in the military salute, while "The Star Spangled Banner" bursts forth with the full volume of thirty loyal and lusty voices.

"Wasn't that a rouser, though?" says Nick, as the Scouts disperse. "Some ceremony. After this the flags will be raised at reveille. Come on, now, and get in on the brush piling."

"Now then," says Mr. Tilton, fifteen minutes later, "to the grove, all who are going to try for a First-Class badge." And away you go to the grove, where with other candidates you keep the Scout Master busy till recall is blown. Then you make a trip to the big barn, to find out its value as a signal station.

Signal Practice. — After dinner comes signal practice by the whole troop, in four divisions, two on each side of the lake. Right hard it is, too, the distance being so great it is very difficult to read the signals. Now the Myer code shows its advantage for flag signalling; there is no mistaking the big left and right sweeps of the flag, even if it is a mile away. The fellows who try Morse do not get on so well, and semaphore is out of the running. But the patrol leaders, who have abandoned all these codes for the new

International Morse, demonstrate its all around superiority.

It is great fun signalling at such a long range — in fact you never before imagined it could be such fun. The big rolling hills on each side of the lake provide excellent stations, and before recall is blown messages are travelling around the lake much faster, no doubt, than they ever have travelled before, unless it was in the old Indian days.

Swimming Time. — Back to camp at a little before four o'clock. Then the big swim! Such a circus! Such swimming, too. Everybody is in a bathing suit. The cooks have supper started, and take turns tending it. Gailey, so sour before inspection in the morning, is now having the time of his life. And the Three Wise Men of the East, Sirdar, Sheik, and Sahib Gregg, are the life guards, and as such have the boat. It seems to you it serves more as a diving float than as a lifeboat, but the Sirdar at least is always watchfully at his oars.

After supper the three trumpeters together blow retreat; then, immediately after, Rossiter blows "to the colour," while the troop stand at attention in the big Scout circle, giving the military salute, and the flags are taken down by the troop leader.

The First Camp-Fire. — Everybody is well tired out, but there is wood for a camp-fire — Gailey has turned out a wonder at chopping, and a brick, too, for that matter — and at dark the first camp-fire is lighted, the ceremony of which unfortunately you miss. Well, no matter. Nick explains that it is only an affair of three matches; applied simultaneously, emblematical of the three promises in the Scout Oath. Then the singing! You never imagined the

troop could sing so well, or knew so many songs. There is story telling, too, with some good yarns from unexpected quarters.

But by the time the first sweet notes of tattoo come from out of the darkness at headquarters, there are lights in more than half of the tents. No sleeplessness to-night. With your tent-mates you make short work of getting to bed, and when Nick "douses the glim" at taps, you notice that nobody, yourself included, has anything to say. The last thing you remember is counting four distinct individual sighs — sighs of complete contentment you know — from as many different points in the darkness of the tent. And you drift away to swim, and signal, and run foot races in the land of dreams.

RULES OF THE CAMP

1. Obey the Scout Law.
2. Answer all trumpet calls instantly.
3. Coöperate. This is a coöperative camp. Get into things instead of getting out of them.
4. Profanity, rough-house, or any other rowdyism, has no place in this camp, and will result in severe punishment. No smoking. No firearms allowed in the camp.
5. Use the latrine exclusively, and obey the order posted there with reference to throwing earth in the pit afterward. Failure to do so will result in punishment. A covered bucket is provided for night use, if necessary. On hikes, use the "method of Moses."
6. Commit no nuisance in or about the camp. To do so will result in your being sent home.
7. Failure to answer any roll call will be punished by your being required to do double grub duty.
8. Throw waste paper and other litter that will not attract flies in the waste barrel at the corner of the mess-tent.
9. The honour of raising and lowering the flags the following

day will be awarded each day to a member of the squad whose tent wins the highest mark at inspection. Members of the successful squad may select the Scout to have the honour.

10. Use your own drinking cup. And drink only water from the spring. At meals, drink water in preference to coffee or tea. It is better for you.
11. Boisterous behaviour and loud talk at mess will not be tolerated. Be mannerly, and insure the enjoyment of meals by all.
12. Report at once to headquarters any sickness or ailment, especially after taps.
13. Maintain quiet from taps at night till first call in the morning.
14. Patrol leaders will deposit mail at headquarters at the officers' meeting at 8.45 A. M.
15. Report lost articles and make any requests or complaints at first assembly, 8.30 A. M.
16. No trumpet calls, and no music by the fife, drum, and trumpet corps except as ordered or specified, will be allowed.
17. The Order of the Day is the program of the camp. No one will be excused unless sick.
18. Enjoy yourself. That's what we're here for.

SCOUT MASTER.

CHAPTER X

COOKING

"CALAMITIES sure do come in battalions." You are in doubt as to whether it was the tall man in your dream who said so or Nick, who is standing at the tent door in his pajamas, looking out. You knuckle the sleep out of your eyes and make a weak effort to sit up. "What's that?" you grunt.

"Aw, its going to rain. And I'm on cook duty as sure as my name's Finley. What is worse still, I've got you and all the other dubs in the F and G families for company. One H, too; whose name starts with H? I can't cook, and you can't, and . . ."

"Thump!" Good shot! "Thwack!" Nothing like a pair of sneaks to avenge an insult.

"Hey, hold up now, Nick! Ouch! O-o-o-o! Ow!" And you are out of bed. The trouble is, a well-aimed sneak is dead sure to come back with interest when Nick is the recipient. Too canny to throw them both, he wallops you with the one he holds in reserve.

Meantime, however, in his eagerness to settle his account with you he has stepped on Pud, who promptly rises — on his knees — to the emergency, wraps Nick's legs in a close embrace, and slams him down on Tilly. For all of which, that small but by no means to be pitied "tent-mite" pro-

ceeds to choke Nick into a less hostile frame of mind. "Let up, you young brutes," he gasps at last. "No rough-house. What did the Scout Master say!"

Just what that much-quoted official did or did not say, however, must wait to be discussed at another time, for reveille, blown in rattling quick time on three trumpets, sets you all to flying into your clothes.

Down for Grub Duty. — After setting-up drill, with Nick and a few others you stop at headquarters, and sure enough your name is down for grub duty, on the bulletin board. "Ah ha!" chortles the irrepressible Rooster, coming up:

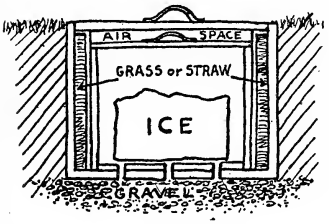
"'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,' — that's you, Nick Finley,
'And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,' — you've got 'em both,
'Await alike the inevitable hour,' — 9.15 to be exact —
'The paths of glory lead but to the' — cook-tent!"

Yes, Rooster can run; no question about it. But Nick gives him a hard chase. Nothing backward about Nick — not to-day, anyhow.

But when, after the second assembly, the Assistant Scout Master marches you and five other Scouts in charge of Nick to the cook-tent, you realize that Nick's supposed grouch was nothing more than the outcropping of a creditable concern over his responsibilities. The second day's cooking had not been up to that done by the pioneers, and he had no room in him for the thought that his detail might do even worse; which thought no doubt pursued him in a most persistent manner.

Changing Cooks. — As you approach the cook-tent, the

detail on duty there spring into line and stand at attention. Mr. Tilton halts your file opposite them, gives the command facing you toward them, and informs the leader of the detail going off duty that Nick and his Scouts are to take their places. He reminds them of their liberties as reward for their work, compliments them on the showing they have made, and asks for a report. "Have you any suggestions that may be of use to the new detail? Any suggestions to headquarters about the supply of provisions or the cooking equipment?"



A Camp Ice-Box
Should be on the north side of a large tree.

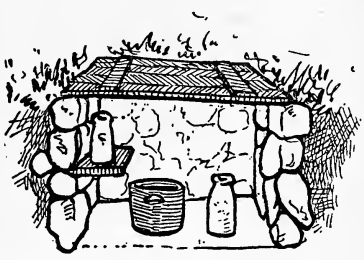
"No, sir," says "Commodore" Casey, retiring Officer of the Day, who got his nickname because he has qualified as a Sea Scout. "We are leaving everything in good shape — except our reputations as cooks. I have nothing to suggest except that it is dangerous to put too much salt in the soup. I will stick around for a while and explain the menu and the recipes to Nick, and show him the difference between the pots and pails. We have marked them so the mistake of making soup in the coffee kettle can be avoided. And there is a small matter of demonstrating the difference between a lemon and an onion, that was taught us by the pioneers — we will pass that along."

"Thank you," laughs Mr. Tilton. "Nick, you will pick out three cooks to help you, two Scouts to chop wood, carry water, and dispose of garbage, and one Handy Scout to make himself generally useful. Fall out."

To your surprise, all the retiring detail remain. "Who is your Handy Scout, Nick?" they ask.

"Happy, there. He's always on hand."

Investing the Handy Scout. — "All right, Happy." The Commodore takes a large serving tray from the table. "In choosing you, your leader has, unknowingly to either of you, conferred upon you the honourable degree of Chief Scout Fire Fanner. This tray is the emblem of your office," and he passes the tray to Happy. "If there is no more breeze than there was this morning, you will need it."



Cross-Section View of a Camper's "Cellar"
An efficient means of keeping milk and butter cool if there is no spring and no ice.

Next, an onion and a lemon are produced. Everybody gathers around, Mr. Tilton included.

"Now then, Nick," says the Commodore, "I have here as you see, an onion and a lemon, easily distinguished with the naked eye, as explained to us by our predecessors. And a most ingenious and infallible method it is, I assure you. I will now demonstrate it to you, Nick, as the leader of your detail."

"Very interesting," replies Nick. "But why go to so much trouble?"

Onion or Lemon? — "No trouble at all. On the contrary, a pleasure. I place the onion and the lemon side by side on this bench — something else very useful, by the way, left to us by the pioneers. Now, if you look closely at the lemon — take a look, Nick, that's the idea — you will realize that if you are squeezing the juice out of a lemon, a

hard squeeze may easily cause it to squirt unerringly, and quite far enough to reach the eye. If this happens, you will find that the juice burns the eye. The onion, on the other hand, may be squeezed with impunity; the juice will not squirt out of it. You merely get it on your hands. But if in some manner, say by rubbing the eye with the hand, you get some of the juice out of the *top* of this onion in your eye — just take a close look at the top of this onion, fellows; don't pick it up, don't crowd, let everybody have a look. If you get some of the juice out of the top part of it in the naked eye — that's the idea, Nick, take a close look at the top — why, it *stings!*"

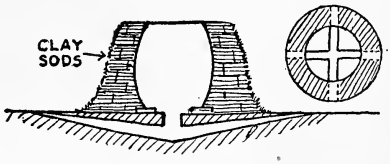
Sting it certainly does, for simultaneously with the announcement, and as Nick is obligingly stooping to look closely at the top of the onion on the bench, the Handy Scout of the retiring grub detail hits him a spanking whack where his shorts are the most taut, with a specially prepared paddle.

"Ow!" And above the uproar, Nick swears vengeance upon the next chief cook. "Just wait! You're all right, Casey. That was an excellent demonstration. I'm sure I can do it now myself."

Down to Business. — But the Commodore and his crew have not stayed merely to amuse themselves. They quickly show your detail where to find things, and see you started before they leave. "Start your fire good and early," the Commodore admonishes Nick, at parting. "It makes more work for the choppers, but you've got to have a good big bed of hot coals to cook properly. My advice is to start the fire at least two hours before meal time."

Left to yourselves, Nick tells you and the other two cooks

to read the menu and the recipes, while he sets his choppers to work. "No round wood, fellows," he directs them. "Gailey, you're a good axeman, show these fellows a thing or two, will you? I notice there is no chopping block. Get hold of one nobody can split and it will not get burned. Work up a good pile, so you won't have to chop this afternoon, and you'll not miss out on any of the fun — providing it doesn't rain. Pile your wood in a pyramid and cover it with that old tarpaulin. When you get done, fill the water pails; then you can join the troop. No need working all morning, with three of you on the job.



How Uncle Sam's Soldiers Build a Garbage Incinerator

The basis is a barrel, which is burned out the first time the incinerator is fired up. The four trenches are to provide for a good draft no matter how the wind blows. Three of them should always be blocked up at firing time. Ashes, etc., are raked out through these trenches.

"Happy, you and I have to help Mr. Tilton build the garbage incinerator. Get the shovel. Jim, you're second cook. Read the recipes — you and Graves and Harrison, and be ready to get dinner."

The sods for the incinerator having been cut the day before, by the Commodore's detail, you know your help is not needed, and turn to the menu, which is fastened with thumbtacks on a board over the camp-chest cupboard. "Let's read the whole thing," and you take out the thumbtacks and spread the sheets before you. "Why, there's only menus here for the first four days."

"Sure," replies Graves at your elbow. "Start all over the fifth day. Perhaps have to make some up toward the

end, according to the grub that's left. No, that isn't it either, there's writing on both sides of the pages."

BILL OF FARE, NINE DAYS, TWENTY-FIVE MEALS.
SUBJECT TO CHANGE, TO ACCOMMODATE
USING ALL PROVISIONS

FIRST DAY

Dinner
Soup
Fried bacon
Boiled potatoes. Baked beans
Bread and butter, marmalade
Lemonade

Supper
Fried eggs. Boiled rice
Stewed tomatoes
Bread and butter. Stewed prunes
Cocoa

SECOND DAY

Breakfast
Fried bacon. Fried onions
Griddle cakes with syrup
Bread and butter
Coffee

Dinner
Soup,
Pot roast. Canned corn
Boiled potatoes
Bread and butter. Stewed prunes
Cocoa

Supper
Boiled rice. Boiled macaroni
Stewed apricots. Molasses cookies
Bread and butter or peanut butter
Cold tea

THIRD DAY

Breakfast
Oatmeal and milk
Fried bacon
Bread and butter
Coffee

Dinner
Ham and eggs
Baked beans
Bread and butter
Marmalade
Cold tea

Supper
Boiled rice and raisins
Stewed prunes
Bread and butter or peanut butter
Lemonade

FOURTH DAY

Breakfast
Corn batter cakes with syrup
Fried rice. Fried bacon
Bread and butter
Coffee

Dinner
Beef stew
Boiled beans
Bread and butter. Stewed peaches
Lemonade

Supper
Canned salmon. Canned corn
Stewed peaches (cold)
Bread and butter or peanut butter
Cocoa

FIFTH DAY

Breakfast
Oatmeal and milk
Fried bacon
Bread and butter
Coffee

Dinner
Lamb stew
Boiled potatoes. Creamed onions
Bread and butter
Marmalade
Lemonade

Supper
Boiled macaroni. Baked beans
Cornmeal mush
Stewed prunes
Bread and butter or peanut butter
Tea

SIXTH DAY

Breakfast
Fried potatoes. Fried mush
Boiled frankfurters
Bread and butter
Coffee

Dinner
Soup
Pot roast. Stewed tomatoes
Boiled potatoes
Stewed apricots
Bread and butter
Lemonade

Supper
Boiled beans. Fried ham
Bread and butter or peanut butter
Stewed prunes. Molasses cookies
Cocoa

SEVENTH DAY

Breakfast
Fried bacon
Griddle cakes with syrup
Bread and butter
Coffee

Dinner
Beef stew
Boiled beans
Boiled rice and raisins
Bread and butter
Cold tea

Supper
Boiled macaroni. Boiled potatoes
Stewed apricots
Bread and butter or peanut butter
Cocoa

EIGHTH DAY

Breakfast
Fried ham. Fried potatoes
Fried onions
Bread and butter
Coffee

Dinner
Soup
Bacon and eggs
Stewed apricots
Bread and butter
Lemonade

Supper
Boiled potatoes. Canned corn
Boiled rice and raisins
Stewed prunes
Bread and butter. Cheese
Cocoa

NINTH DAY

Breakfast	*Luncheon*
Boiled beans	Salmon sandwiches
Bread and milk	Bread and butter. Cheese
Coffee	Fresh fruit
	Lemonade

"Say, notice the fresh fruit in that last menu. He's forgotten it up till then," says Harrison.

Menu Merely a Guide. — "I'll bet he didn't," returns Graves. "That's down there because he knew if he was able to get any fruit at all we would need it then. He couldn't put everything down. We had those plums night before last, and cucumbers last night. Nick says we'll have watermelon Sunday noon. This is merely to go by."

"Well, we know what's on the docket to-day, anyhow," says Harrison. "We've got it easy. Ham and eggs, and canned beans for dinner. Let it rain if it wants to."

That reminds you that there is a fly to be put up over the serving bench; and as the senior Scout of the three of you, you take charge of the job.

Afterward you get out the typewritten list of recipes. "Beef stew. Cook for two hours," you read. "Gee! its lucky we don't have to cook that," you say to yourself. "Nick would be in a hole." You look at your watch. "Hey, Gravey, its half-past ten. Tell them to have a good fire

by eleven o'clock. You and Harrison get out about forty potatoes and wash them. One big potato to a Scout or two small ones."

"All right," replies Graves, "Nick just told them about the fire. What are you going to do?"

"I'll be on the job all right." And you settle down to read all the recipes.

RECIPES — BASIS OF THIRTY SCOUTS

Breadstuffs and Cereals

GRIDDLE CAKES. — 5 quarts prepared flour,
$\frac{1}{2}$ can molasses,

Mix with milk and water to a smooth batter, adding 5 or 6 eggs if available. Batter should be just thin enough to run from the spoon. Better too thick than too thin, to begin with. Polish frying-pan, heat over fairly hot bed of coals, grease with bacon rind. Stir batter and pour three cakes in each pan. Pan should be so hot batter will sizzle. When cakes are full of bubbles, and stiff at edges, turn with cake turner. Shake pan to prevent cakes sticking.

CORN BATTER CAKES. — Same as griddle cakes, except use 3 quarts of corn meal, 2 quarts prepared flour, 1 teaspoonful salt.

CORN MEAL MUSH. — 4 quarts corn meal,
4 level tablespoonfuls salt.

Mix with cold water to a batter that will run from a spoon. Bring 4 gallons of water to a boil, and add the batter gradually, so not to reduce temperature of water too much. Stir constantly while mush boils 10 minutes. Cover, and put in warming pan to cook slowly for 1 hour. Stir occasionally, and for thinning be sure to use boiling water.

FRIED CORN MEAL MUSH. — Slice cold mush in narrow strips, and fry. Have fire hot, and use enough crisco.

OATMEAL. — $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds ($1\frac{1}{4}$ packages) rolled oats,
$1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons water,
2 level tablespoonfuls salt.

Add oatmeal to salted boiling water. Boil in double boiler for fifteen minutes, then set in warming pan to boil gently for another fifteen minutes.

BOILED RICE — $2\frac{1}{2}$ quarts rice,
$1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons water,
1 tablespoonful salt.

Wash rice in cold water. Have salted water boiling hard before adding rice. When rice mashes easily in the fingers (20 minutes to half an hour) strain off water, add raisins if any, and set in warming pan with the lid off, to dry and swell.

FRIED RICE. — To fry cold, boiled rice, use plenty of crisco, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound or more to each frying-pan. Have pan smoking hot, add rice, and stir constantly with the cake turner to prevent burning and to mix the melted crisco with the rice.

BOILED MACARONI. — 2 pounds macaroni,
3 gallons salted water.

Break the macaroni to short lengths. Boil thirty-five to forty minutes, and drain.

Vegetables

BAKED BEANS (canned). — 8 cans beans.

Empty into small boiler and place in warming pan to heat.

BOILED BEANS. — 6 pounds beans,
1 pound bacon, diced.

Wash beans thoroughly and place in large boiler with 2 gallons of water. Skim when water commences to boil. Place boiler in warming pan and let simmer for 4 hours. Add bacon when the beans have cooked for 2 hours, and season with salt and pepper. If additional water is needed, it should be boiling.

CANNED CORN. — 8 cans corn,
1 quart beef stock (if available),
1 tablespoon sugar,
1 ½-lb. can evaporated milk.

Empty corn out of cans into a small boiler, add beef stock (strained), sugar, and milk. Season with salt and stir thoroughly. Place in warming pan and allow to become quite hot (but not to boil); add flour batter to thicken slightly, and let come to a boil in about fifteen minutes.

CREAMED ONIONS. — 60 onions,
2 quarts beef stock (if available),
1 small can evaporated milk.

Select onions of medium size, leaving the large and the small ones for frying. Boil from 30 to 45 minutes and strain. Bring the beef stock to a boil, thicken with flour batter, and add the milk. Stir well, and pour over the onions; place the boiler on the fire and bring to a boil. Salt to taste.

FRIED ONIONS. — 30 large onions, or their equivalent, peeled and sliced;
½ lb. crisco,
1 quart beef stock if available.

Place all in the two frying-pans, equally divided, and put on hot fire. When the water is evaporated, stir till the onions are browned. Season with salt and pepper.

BOILED POTATOES. — 30 medium large potatoes or their equivalent.

Wash the potatoes, and boil with their jackets on, for from 30 to 40 minutes. Test with a fork.

FRIED POTATOES. — 30 medium large potatoes or their equivalent, boiled.

Peel and slice the potatoes crosswise, season, and put into frying-pans containing hot crisco. Cover, and fry for about 15 minutes. Stir occasionally with cake turner to prevent burning.

STEWED TOMATOES (canned). — 2 cans tomatoes,
¼ lb. bacon drippings,
1 tablespoonful sugar.

Empty the tomatoes from the cans into a pot, and add 1 tablespoonful of sugar and ¼ lb. of bacon drippings. Add broken bread and a quart of beef stock if available; season to taste. Place on fire and allow to come to a boil, but not sooner than when ready to serve.

Meats and Eggs

FRIED BACON. — 5 lbs. bacon.

Slice six slices to the inch. Place in a boiler, cover with boiling water, and let stand 5 minutes. Strain off water and fry in frying-pans on hot fire.

FRIED HAM. — Same as above.

BEEF STEW. — 9 lbs. beef (chuck).
1 lb. bacon fat,
8 onions,
1 pint rice,
8 potatoes.

Have meat in small chunks (cut by the butcher). Chop bacon to small cubes, put in pot, and place on fire to melt. Add the beef, raise pot and flip it so all sides of the chunks of beef will be coated with the hot fat. Add chopped onions, chopped potatoes, and rice, cover with boiling water, put on the fire just long enough to insure boiling, season with salt and pepper, and remove to the warming pan to simmer for at least two hours.

LAMB STEW. — Made same as beef stew.

POT ROAST. — 9 lbs. beef,
1 lb. chopped onions,
$\frac{1}{4}$ pint vinegar,
1 pint flour.

Have the meat cut in 1-lb. chunks, place in a pot in about 1 inch of hot water, with salt and pepper, add onions and vinegar, and cook on a moderately hot fire for 20 minutes. Then remove to the warming pan to cook slowly for 2 hours or until done. The meat must be turned at least four times while cooking. When done, take from the pot, slice, and cover with gravy made in the pot with hot water and flour.

BOILED FRANKFURTERS. — 8 lbs. frankfurters.

Do not cut the sausages apart till cooked. Boil them for a minute in plenty of water. Let them remain in the hot water till ready to serve.

SOUP. — For canned soup, use 9 cans to a mess. Rinse each can with a canful of hot water, adding same to the stock. Heat almost to boiling point. To make soup from spare, fresh meat, bones, left over meats from stews, and vegetables, simply add about $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of cold water, boil for 1 hour, season, and set in warming pan to keep hot. Skim off grease and stir before serving.

FRIED EGGS. — 30 eggs.

Have the fire moderately hot, and use plenty of crisco. Use care not to break the yolks. Cook medium, one side only.

Stewed Fruits

STEWED PRUNES, APRICOTS OR PEACHES. — $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. dried fruit.

Soak the fruit overnight in enough water to cover. Bring to boiling point and remove the kettle to the warming pan where the contents should be kept simmering for 1 hour. Season with nutmeg and a little vinegar.

Beverages

COFFEE. — Put $3\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of water in the coffee kettle and bring to a boil. Add 1 pound ground coffee, in a cheesecloth bag, and remove from fire at once. Let stand fifteen minutes, add 1 pint of cold water to settle, let stand a little longer, remove the coffee grounds and add milk before serving.

TEA. — Bring $3\frac{1}{2}$ gallons water to a boil; add 1 pint of tea in a piece of cheesecloth suspended in top of kettle. Boil for 5 minutes, remove the tea leaves, add milk, and serve.

COLD TEA. — Follow preceding recipe, except use only 2 gallons of water. When tea is made, add $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons cold water, and place in cooler. Use no milk.

COCOA. — Bring 3 gallons of water to a boil, add $1\frac{1}{4}$ pound cocoa and let boil for 5 minutes. Add 2 quarts

milk, sweeten with sugar to taste, and stir well before serving.

LEMONADE. — Squeeze the juice from 30 lemons, add 3 gallons of water, sweeten to taste, and place in cooler.

Time to Get Busy. — "Hi hum." Almost put you to sleep. Let's see, now; Nick is on the job at the fire. You look at your watch, which you have hung on a nail over the cupboard. Whew! After eleven o'clock. You grab the can opener and start opening the cans of beans. Graves, at your elbow, transfers the "fruit," as he calls their contents, to a waiting pot. "The beans are on." Nick is slicing ham like a butcher. "Hey, Jim, get out 30 eggs. You, Gravey and Harrison, butter and slice three loaves of bread. Butter the end of the loaf before you slice it Pile the bread up on a couple of trays. Get a wiggle, now, fellows."

So you work to win your spurs as a sure-enough camp cook. Glad you are, when mess-call is blown for dinner, that the first bill of fare was so simple to prepare. But you have the satisfaction of knowing that the grub is all right.

After dinner, the four of you cooks hold a consultation, and arrange about the work of preparing supper. With another easy menu, Nick is jubilant, and facetious as ever. "No rain yet, fellows, and nothing on our minds but rice, prunes, and lemonade! And the Scout Master just promised me we shall have a hired cook next year, we are doing so well. Jim, let's wind Gravey up for an alarm and go to a picture show."

An Easy Afternoon. — What you really do, however, is hustle through the pot washing and then give Graves and Harrison the afternoon off, with the strict injunction to

show up at five o'clock. "I'll stick around," says Nick. "I'm boning up to try for a merit badge for public health, and I want to wise up to the Scout Master's sanitation system. I'm going to make notes on everything, the Red Cross tent included."

"Well, I'll keep you company, Nick," you offer. "I'm just as much interested. I've been wondering all along why there are not more flies around. We'll have to put the prunes on early, too — they take over two hours."

But you learn from Mr. Tilton that the Scout Master is going to instruct the whole troop on the sanitation of the camp some day before the camp breaks up, and as the troop is not going on the projected hike on account of the threatening weather, you keep Nick company in helping your patrol hold up its end in some scouting contests held on the campus.

A Storm at Last. — The climax of the day comes at five o'clock on the wings of a wind storm. Black clouds have been piling up in the northwest all afternoon, growing constantly more threatening. The wind has been steadily rising, and the tents have been straining uneasily at their guy-ropes. The Scout Master, firm in his belief that the storm will go around to the northward, has left the flags up, to stream in all their beauty against the dark sky.

With Nick, Graves, and Harrison about the cook fire, you have been discussing the American (bald) eagle of the neighbourhood, which you saw yesterday afternoon when you were across the lake signalling. You had never before seen the grand bird in his native element, and are recounting for the seventh or eighth time how fine he looked, soaring away up in the blue, his conspicuous white head and tail

shining splendidly in the afternoon sun, when "*Whangety! Whang!*" goes the first clap of thunder behind you, and the camp rocks and flaps in a sudden fierce onslaught of the wind. The Scout Master is at the foot of the flag-pole, and you expect momentarily to hear retreat blown. Again the thunder volleys terrifically down the air steeps of the sky. The lake is lashed to white caps, and is now an ugly greenish black, instead of its former entrancing blue. "*Whang! Bangety! Bang!*" How the trees bend in the wind, how the tents flap and belly! Funny it doesn't rain. What is the Scout Master waiting for?

"Old Abe" in Camp. — "Look at the eagle!" A clarion yell from the Scout Master that brings the Scouts out pell-mell. And there, not more than a hundred yards above the camp soars the great bird, breasting the storm magnificently. Such tense excitement! And what a cheer rings out as he passes over the camp, and the circle of Scouts, gazing aloft at him, realize that for once in their lives they see the Bird of Freedom and the Star Spangled Banner flying together! But does Old Abe veer or take alarm at this terrific outburst so close under him? Not he. With an occasional flap of his immensely broad wings he soars straight on, over the grove, and out over the lake. Then while the Scouts still stand spellbound, the great bird suddenly drops his legs, raises his wings high over his back, and with a scream dives out of sight behind the grove. It all happens in a jiffy.

Although half the troop run headlong to the water's edge, no one is quick enough to see just what the eagle did, or where he went to.

At tattoo, four hours later, the four of you in your tent are still arguing the question as to whether or not the eagle

dove to the lake after a fish. The majority of opinion is that he did.

"Well, I may be wrong," says Nick, "but I didn't miss my guess when I said it would rain. There she goes now. Much obliged to you two fellows for ditching the tent. Now, if the tent doesn't leak, pleasant dreams for one tired Scout. Nice to hear the rain on the tent isn't it?"

"You bet!"

"I wonder where old Mr. Eagle is now," persists Nick, comfortably tucked in his bed. "I maintain ——"

Chorus: "Go to sleep!"

Note: —The above described incident of the eagle's visit to the camp is based upon an actual occurrence, at the camp of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, Mamaroneck, N.Y., at Peach Lake, N. Y., in August, 1913.

CHAPTER XI

CAMP HEALTH

YOUR detail have planned to spend the morning of your day off following your day on cooking duty, by hiking across country. But the bulletin board announces that the first thing on the morning's program after the second assembly, is to be the talk on Camp Health by the Scout Master, which all of you want to hear. So after the "onion or lemon" ceremony you join the troop, just as it halts by the cook-tent.

"This ends the marching, boys," says the Scout Master. "We will proceed without formation. We will make this a sort of personally conducted tour and I will do the lecturing. Ask all the questions you want. But don't make me blow my whistle for attention. First stop will be the spring. Fall out."

Off you all go, every Scout in camp, to the spring, a hundred yards away down in the grove.

Pure Water. — "Now, boys," says the Scout Master, when all have sat down in a big semicircle around the spring, "this spring is the thing of first importance to the health of our camp. If it were not a pure spring, and we nevertheless used it, some of us would doubtless develop vacation typhoid soon after we get home. Vacation typhoid is quite common, and in most cases perhaps comes

from drinking bad water; but there is another source, which we will take up later on.

"In the late Russian-Japanese War, the Japs almost invariably boiled their drinking water, even at the front, where one would think they had little time for anything but fighting. And they astounded military men and doctors the world over by the fact that they had more men killed in battle than by typhoid fever. Not that they made a mistake in boiling the water, but because in all other wars fever had done more damage than bullets.

"Our spring is pure. I had a sample analyzed and found it so. But this fact alone would not have satisfied me. If it were located on the other side of camp, below where our latrine is, I would not have trusted it even after having found it stood analysis. Not because of the location of the latrine, as of course that would not have been located there, but because the spring would then have been in the line of possible drainage from the stable and the privy up there on the hill — I am talking of underground drainage, not surface drainage.

Long Distance Pollution of Springs. — "I dare say you are wondering how a spring could be affected when so far away from the source of pollution — it is two hundred yards at least from our latrine to the barn. If it were not for the rain there doubtless would be no possibility of it. But when the rain falls, some of it runs off as surface drainage, some of it is absorbed by the soil, and more than the average person realizes passes into springs, streams, and lakes by the underground route. This underground water is called ground water, and the springs are simply the overflow of it.

"You would naturally think this ground water would become filtered in passing through the soil. It does, to some extent. But in the case of the pollution reaching it at some distance below the surface of the ground, as from a privy, it may be carried long distances in the cleavage and fracture lines of the rock strata without any filtration to speak of. In a limestone country there are innumerable underground crevasses, running in all directions, through which the ground water passes without any filtration whatever. A typhoid epidemic was one time traced to a limestone spring which was polluted almost ten miles away.

How to Make a Camp Filter

Will clarify and make palatable water which is hardly suitable for drinking or cooking. It should be cleaned every day, and supplied with thoroughly washed fresh sand, gravel, and pebbles. Auger holes in the bottom of the keg. This filter does not purify water to the extent of excluding germs. On the other hand, if not properly and regularly cleaned it may become a breeding ground for them.

"And the same thing applies to wells. I told you boys not to drink the water from the well up at the house because it was bad. I don't actually know that it is polluted, but if a typhoid fever patient or a so-called typhoid carrier were to use the privy, which is only fifty feet from it, I think the health authorities would soon have to condemn the well. Lots of privies never fill up. Can you guess why?

Danger in Brooks. — "As for drinking from the brooks we cross on our hike to-morrow — don't do it. Carry your canteens, filled right here at this spring. I know of only one of the six that we will cross that is perhaps to be trusted. The others all unquestionably receive drainage from barnyards and privies. And even that one may have a dead horse buried in the convenient gully where it rises. So

many farmers are absolutely thoughtless with regard to sanitation.

"Of course one swallow of contaminated water does not make a case of typhoid, any more than one swallow of another kind makes a summer. Otherwise, we perhaps all would be dead. Good health saves us from the consequences of many indiscretions. But at the same time it is well to know a bear trap when we see one, even if it is not set, lest we put our foot in one some day when it is. Unsanitary conditions are the bear trap, harmless enough until set by disease. Then one case of typhoid is apt to result in an epidemic.

"So much for the water supply, although a great deal more might be said. The next important question is the opposite one of waste disposal.

Disposal of Waste. — "We have nothing like the problem of a military or labour camp, or a large camp such as is conducted by the local councils of the Boy Scouts of a few of the largest cities. In such camps complications are apt to arise between water supply and waste disposal, and the camp pollute its own water, unless special sanitary precautions are observed in laying out the camp. In the military reserve camps in the South in this country during the Spanish-American War, where there never was an enemy to worry about, there was a terrible amount of typhoid. A large camp is unable to camp on a little knoll, as we are doing, with the water supply on one side and the latrine on the other. The latrines must be reasonably convenient to the tents, and so must the water supply. And the larger the camp the more complicated the sanitation is bound to be unless it is possible to carry water through a system of

pipes from some single source of supply that is beyond possibility of contamination.

"But the prevention of any possibility of pollution of the water supply by the latrine does not end the danger of disease. There are still the flies and mosquitoes — the typhoid fly and the malaria mosquito, if conditions are 'right' — to be reckoned with. Many campers, it is true, do not trouble themselves with sanitary precautions against flies. We might be just as neglectful and suffer no consequences — unless some one of us happened to contract typhoid before coming here, or should get it from drinking at some neighbouring well, spring, or brook while on some of our hikes. But we are not that kind of campers. We are not only scrupulously careful to preserve our good health, and to observe the rules of cleanliness, but we also have a proper respect for the health of others. There will not be any 'Boy Scout' flies hatching out here after we leave, to go to other camps on the lake or to houses in the neighbourhood.

Flies and Mosquitoes. — "Now I know you are thinking that there are flies around our camp. That is true, but they came to us, as they seem to come to every camp. We are not to blame for them; it takes a month for flies to hatch.

"You all know that the Rules of the Camp compel you to use the latrine and to go nowhere else, night or day, for the purposes for which the latrine is provided. Also that you must throw dirt into the pit with the shovel before you leave. And you know that every scrap of waste from the cook-tent and the mess-tent that can be burned is burned, and that which cannot is buried in the ground, dishwater included. The only disinfectant we have is a small quantity of chloride

of lime. You know there is a two-gallon can of kerosene, and have seen Mr. Tilton spray it on the burlap screen through which the slops are poured into the slop pit and outside the cook-tent wherever there were crumbs on the ground or water or grease had been spilt. That keeps the flies away from the places. He also sprays the latrine pit in the same manner. In addition, he sprays the sides of the latrine pit with a solution of chloride of lime. He sifts a small amount of chloride of lime into his disinfectant bucket, fills the bucket half full with water, stirs it up, and when the chloride of lime is dissolved takes his garden spray and goes to work. The mixture drives flies away and prevents germination of any kind. A solution and the spray are used because this is the only feasible way of getting the chloride of lime into the desired places. A small sprinkling can would serve fairly well instead of the spray, but it pays to do things right. You can always borrow a spray, and you need the bucket anyhow. A chloride of lime solution is also used in scrubbing the latrine seats.

The Latrine. — "Our chief disinfectants and deodorizers are soil, fire, and sunshine. Loose soil contains nitrifying properties — germs, to be more explicit — capable of destroying all putrescible matter, providing sufficient soil is used. In the case of the latrine, aeration and sunshine help out — you will notice the top of the tent is rolled up in fair weather. The trench on the uphill side of the tent, which some of you laughed at because you thought it was due to absent-mindedness that I ordered it dug, is to prevent the flooding of the latrine trench in the event of a storm. If it were to be flooded, we no doubt would have to fill it and dig another. And the reason why you are

required to throw dirt in the latrine pit immediately after using it, is not only to provide a cover to exclude flies, but also to furnish an absorbent and to start the soil nitrates to work. There is an extra pile of black humus or leaf mould, to use in addition to the soil dug out of the pit, because the woods humus is a better absorbent and deodorizer than ordinary soil. There is no odour about the latrine, and I have seen no flies since we started spraying kerosene there.

"Kitchen" Slops. — "In the same manner, the soil is used to dispose of the waste from the 'kitchen' which it is impossible to burn. This is not buried merely to dispose of it in the sense of getting it out of the way in the most convenient manner, but is literally thrown to the devouring soil nitrates.

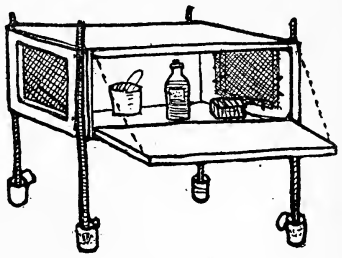
"The slop pit is filled in regularly for the same reason, and the burlap screen is scraped with the camp hoe to remove solids that it has screened from the water, and this matter is buried along with the other wet waste, not in the slop hole. Then, as I have already said, the screen is sprinkled with kerosene, sometimes with chloride of lime. The sunshine does the rest. You will notice a new slop pit is dug every other day.

"The slop pail, which is also the disinfectant pail, and the garbage can each has a close-fitting cover, and nothing ever remains in them long — except that garbage accumulations from supper remain in the can till after breakfast in the morning. Yet every morning, after being emptied, these two receptacles are sprayed with kerosene and then burned out by applying a match to the kerosene. The urinal bucket provided for night use would be burned out

in the same manner if used. I'm glad to know that nobody in the camp is too lazy to go to the latrine.

"The last, but by no means the least important, use of kerosene is to destroy the larvæ of mosquitoes. Every possible breeding place within a quarter mile radius of the camp was anointed by the pioneers the day they arrived. A liquid ounce of kerosene is enough for fifteen square feet of water, but every little puddle must be treated. Happily, only a few places were found. One treatment is enough for ten days, as that is about the minimum length of the breeding time of mosquitoes.

"The combustible garbage is burned in the incinerator, which you have seen, also all empty tin cans, waste paper, and the like. The cans must be burned, as much as they will burn, because some of their contents always remains in them. The refuse is raked out of the incinerator and buried, along with the eggshells if there are any. Combustible garbage is thrown in a barrel, not in the garbage can, and burned after each meal. This garbage barrel gets a spraying with the chloride of lime solution once a day.



The Make-Shift Camp Larder
The front is hinged, and ordinarily is closed. It stands in cans of water to exclude ants.

Protecting the Food. — "As to our food, in addition to being wholesome and thoroughly cooked — there's much danger in incompletely cooked food, such as beans, as it irritates the stomach and gives any disease germs a chance to take hold — we keep it away from the flies, except at

meals. Our bread is received wrapped and sealed in oiled paper, and is not unwrapped until needed. The butter is kept in covered crocks, in the spring, here; also the milk in covered tin pails, and stewed fruit in a covered sauce pot. Then we have our larder, which we made in camp, screened so it keeps out house flies — but not the little fruit flies, I am sorry to note, though there are very few — and proof against ants on account of each leg standing in a can of water. Not at all elegant, but a useful piece of furniture.

Where the Flies Come From. — "And speaking of insects reminds me once more about mosquitoes. We have been bothered hardly at all. This is not only due to the use of kerosene, as I have mentioned, but also because the grass is short; there is no jungle of weeds anywhere about, and very little undergrowth in the grove. As for the flies, they come from the stable, of course. They might be worse, for I took pains to find out what the conditions were, before deciding to come here, and at the time converted our friend Thomas to fighting flies in the manure pile. He has built a closed shed for the manure, and has quite a model stable. And that reminds me to say he has an eye for cleanliness, and has remarked about how neat we have our camp.

"This is not a talk on personal health, understand, boys; just a general explanation of the precautions we are taking to keep sanitary. And I think I have said enough, considering I am talking to Boy Scouts, and you all are familiar with the Rules of the Camp posted at headquarters. So now we will go up to the Red Cross tent, where Mr. Tilton will give a short talk on personal health, supplementing the

last one he gave at our headquarters in town, before we came to camp. Let's hike."

"Gee," says Nick to you and the others off duty, "that was pretty long for a 'general explanation.' He didn't put any of his usual ginger into it, but it was worth staying for. That about the contamination of springs especially. Shall we go along and hear Mr. Tilton, fellows?"

"Sure."

Personal Health. — For a layman, the Assistant Scout Master makes a pretty good camp doctor, having had experience in the Hospital Corps of the National Guard, as well as being interested in the work. And he has a great way of diving right into his subject and saying a lot in a few words, when he gives a talk. This time he makes no exception to the rule.

"Now, fellows, here we are. Only way I can get anybody to the hospital is by holding an auction. Here's a fine empty cot with nice cool sheets and a big soft pillow. What am I bid for the privilege of occupying it and getting a free treatment for abdominal cramp? Who's going to be first to give the doctor something to do? What? Did I hear some one? Come on, now, boys, fine chance to find out what it's like to think you're going to die.

"What? No candidates? All right, I've got your attention, anyhow — that's what I wanted. Step up close. All listening? Well, I want to tell you the fact that none of you has been sick shows you have been honest with yourselves — that you haven't stolen the lock off the front door of your health, robbed the treasure vault of your constitution, or set fire to your physical resources.

"**Criminal Carelessless.**" — "There is a saying that

sickness is a crime. It is not exactly that, but it is in perhaps most cases the result of one. Typhoid is the result of the crime of neglected sanitary precautions. Isn't it? Isn't it? It might not be your neglect, supposing you should get it, some one of you. But somebody else would be guilty, wouldn't he? You couldn't get it otherwise, could you?

"And a plain case of biliousness — that is the consequences of the crime of overeating. Isn't it? It's just as big a crime to make yourself sick as it would be to make some one else sick, isn't it? To overload your poor defenseless stomach is just as much a crime as to overload a horse, isn't it? Isn't it?

"Now, if you drink too much cold water on a hot day, and get a cramp, that is not only committing a felony against your poor defenseless stomach — a case of assault is a felony, and to give your stomach too much cold water on a hot day is to assault it — it is not only a felony against your stomach, but it is to also steal your time away from your vacation, and to steal the time of those who have to take care of you. That's crime, isn't it?

Neglected Teeth. — "Now, just for an example, you all use your tooth brushes in the morning, don't you? Why? It is to clean your teeth so you will not swallow the poison on them with your breakfast, isn't it? You don't want to poison your stomach. But why wait till morning to remove the food that turns to poison overnight if left on your teeth? Suppose you do remove it in the morning, and so protect your stomach — but how about your teeth? Is it right to your teeth, is it fair to them, to allow that poison to be forming in them all night long? Is it right to let the acids of that poison eat into them all night long? No. It

is just as much a crime against your teeth to brush them only in the morning, as it would be a crime against the health of this camp if we were to dispose of the garbage but once a day, and leave the lids off the garbage can and the slop bucket all day long. In fact, it is a greater crime, for the poison of the decaying food in your teeth is in direct contact with them constantly, whereas the poisonous decayed matter in the garbage could not reach our food and our drinking water except as it might be carried there by flies and mosquitoes.

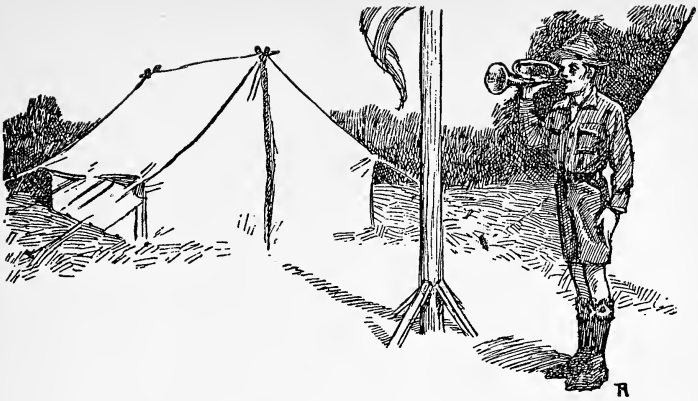
"Be honest, not only with your stomach, boys, but with your teeth. Brush them after supper.

The Sentry Who Sleeps. — "And be watchful to observe all the sanitary rules of the camp. Remember that to neglect a principle of cleanliness is not only a disgrace, that the matter does not stop there at all, but is a crime against yourself, the troop, and the public. For, like the picket who goes to sleep on his post, you not only neglect your duty, but actually provide the enemy, disease, an unguarded place to creep through the sanitary picket line. Although the sentry would never be shot simply for going to sleep on duty, it is not hard to believe that so severe a penalty might be meted out to him for providing the enemy the chance to enter the camp and murder his comrades in their sleep. Now for another example: suppose one of you has contracted typhoid before coming to camp, say in a mild form only, and has not yet developed sickness; if he were to commit a nuisance about this camp or did not comply with the rule about throwing earth in the latrine, half the troop might develop 'vacation typhoid' when we get home.

Severe but Necessary. — "Now I think you will clearly understand why we have the rule that any boy who commits a nuisance in this camp will be sent home. And I hope I have impressed you, in a way that you will never forget, with the justice of that rule. Also, I trust you will take even more pride in keeping yourselves well, as the good sentry keeps himself awake and alert.

"Talk's over. Ten minutes to examine the arrangement of the Red Cross tent — from the outside — and for asking questions. Then there will be some more examinations by the Scout Master, and I will take those not being examined on a tree hike."

Ten minutes later, and — "Fishing!" says Nick. "Or I should say fish-worms. No time to fish before dinner, and no use going, anyhow — the fish won't bite this time of day. But we can get our bait. Nothing better doing in camp this afternoon, till swimming time. Come on, you fellows off duty — I'm so full of sanitary ideas I've got to put some of them in practice right off. Follow me, and we will dig the slimy angle worm from his squalid abode and teach him how to be sanitary in a neat tin can filled with nice, clean, damp moss."



Recall
The "braces" at the bottom of the flag-pole do not speak well for this scout's troop.

CHAPTER XII

MORNING SCOUTING

EVERY morning from 9.15 to 12 o'clock is devoted to work, examinations, talks by the Scout Master and his Assistant, and scouting of one kind and another. There is a lot to do, too. You thought before you came that the troop would go on a hike every day. Morning is the time for hikes, but they are being crowded into the afternoons. You had no idea the time of the troop would be so fully taken up. There are tower and bridge building, fire drill, first-aid drill, wall-scaling drill, observation tests, parade drill, tree and plant hikes, a geology hike — goodness knows what all. Great fun, too, all of it.

Geology or Snakes? — Take the geology hike, for example, the afternoon of your first day off duty. You are not interested in rocks, you tell Nick. "Rattlesnakes, you

boob," he retorts. "We can fish afterward." And what a treat that geology hike turns out to be! You never have seen a live rattlesnake, nor have more than two or three of the other Scouts in the troop. But the Scout Master knows where there is the chance of finding some, and deploys the troop in a long skirmish line, every Scout armed with a club and wearing long trousers, leggings, and leather shoes. Mr. Tilton has his hypodermic syringe and the necessary antidotes. Dangerous? Not a bit of it. Just the opposite. Ordinarily the troop might swarm over that hill with no thought of snakes. Cruel? By no means. Who wouldn't kill a rattlesnake? Beside, the Scout Master wants to get a rattler so you all may gain some first-hand knowledge about them, and to have the skin for the troop's natural history collection. He gets it, too, or at least Gailey gets it for him.

Gailey comes from a part of the country where rattlesnakes are common, and knows where to look for them. It is his trained eyes that detect the wriggling gray streak that nobody else might have seen. "Yip!" And in two jumps and a whack it is a "good" rattler. Then the inquest. Curiously the tail is the point of interest that receives the most attention. "Thirteen rattles and a button," announces Gailey. "A regular old buster. I had no idea they ever grew so large up here in the North."

"Hunt's over, boys," says the Scout Master. "Up the hill now, to the level place below the face of the bluff where that gravel slide is, to see how many of you know who William Smith was. But watch out for snakes."

History in Stones. — Up under the little escarpment at the top of the hill you learn that this particular William

Smith was "The Father of English Geology," and made the discovery, but a little more than a hundred years ago, which opened the door to our present geological knowledge of the great antiquity of the world. And the Scout Master tells you, in a most fascinating way, how man's existence on the planet has been traced back through an astounding length of time by fossils of plants and animals found in the successive sedimentary formations of the earth's crust.

You are much interested to learn that it all came about through William Smith's discovery that the successive sedimentary formations contained fossils of plants and animals which were different in each formation, and that the rock formations have been grouped by the geologists according to the fossils of plants and animals that have been found in them, not by the character of the rocks themselves. These fossils denote the climate, and as in the same region different layers of earth have been found to contain fossils of extinct animals of opposite habits, those in one being subtropical, while those in another are arctic, and as in between the layers containing these extremes in fossils there are several other layers of sediment, each of which it must have required a great many years to deposit, the geologists have been able to compute the length of time that has elapsed since the lowest of several of the upper layers of the earth's crust was deposited.

Without these fossil records it would be impossible to know the age of the stone implements and the skulls of man that have been found in these same layers of sediment, the Scout Master says, even though the anthropologists have wonderful collections of skulls and stone implements which show very clearly the development of the human race.

But with them, it is now unquestionably established that the men who made the stone emplements recently found in excavations in Germany and Belgium lived at least one hundred thousand years ago, and that the earliest of the races of which the anthropologists have established records must have lived two or three times as long ago.

"So you see," concludes the Scout Master, "not only are the rocks themselves classified according to the fossils that they have been found to contain, but the age of every discovery of relics of ancient man is found, not by examining the relics themselves, but by the character of the particular layer of the earth's crust in which they are found."

Kangarooed. — Many questions are asked, all but one of which the Scout Master does his best to answer. This one, asked by the troop upstart, terminates the talk. And almost immediately afterward it gives you the opportunity of seeing the Kangaroo Court convene in earnest. For asking what kind of a rock it was with which David slew Goliath, the Court imposes the penalty of running the gauntlet. The whole troop line up in two ranks, facing inward, with their hats as weapons. And when the culprit emerges from the ordeal, well flustered, it is not hard to see that he has learned his lesson.

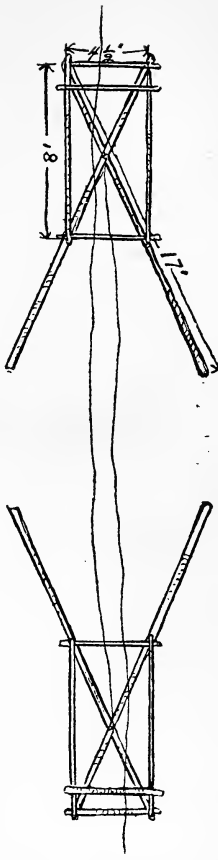
"Served him right if the Judge had told us to use our belts," says Nick. "Scout Master gives up his time for us and does everything he can to make the troop a success, all without a bit of reward except the respect and friendship of the fellows in the troop. Well, we will see that he gets that much reward anyhow, if we have to hammer it out of some of these fresh kids with clubs."

Real Engineering. — The bridge and tower building next

morning provides a fine contest, two patrols being assigned to each, the cooks being on the bridge job, because they can stay on the work for only a little over an hour, and the tower building is the most difficult. The tower, much to your surprise, is to be erected *in the lake*, and the bridge connects it with the shore. In the end, however, the Scouts not only have the experience of building a tower and bridge under circumstances perhaps never before attempted by a Boy Scout troop, but the camp has a combination lookout and driving tower the like of which the lake has never seen.

Detail of Lashing

The tower is like that designed by Troop No. 1 of Port Chester, N. Y., with only one alteration, and its construction is not difficult, because the troop has one at home that is used for demonstrations. Getting it up in the water presents no great problem, though awkward; but placing it close to the "pitch-

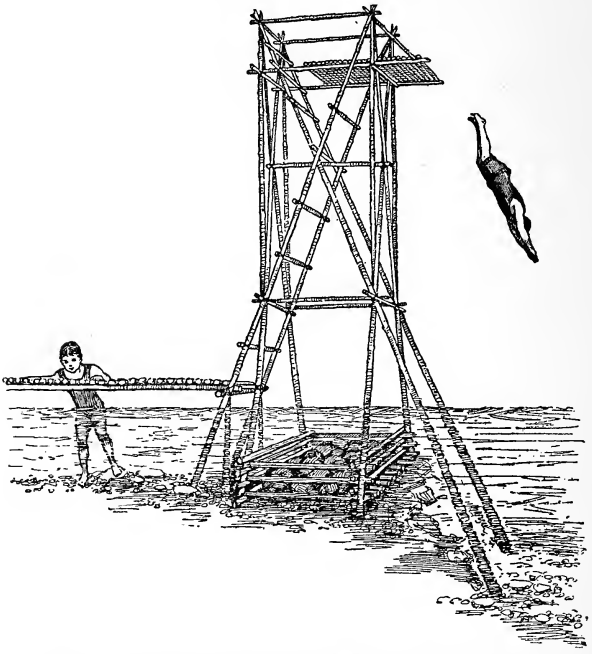


The First Two of the Four Sides of the Tower

Laid out on the ground and spiked or lashed, they are erected in the water and held in place while a Scout ascends each and lashes them together with connecting poles. The four remaining main poles are added last, these being the two long ones reaching down into the deep water, and those that go with them. The thin lines are ropes for raising the sides.

off," where the beach suddenly slopes away to deep water, is a real difficulty.

The Scout Master in charge of the work, has, after considerable difficulty the previous afternoon, secured his measurements, and makes the proper allowance in the



The Port Chester Signalling Tower Becomes a Diving Tower
This is an elaboration of the signalling tower designed and first built by Troop No. 1, B. S. A., Port Chester, N. Y.

length of the corner poles, two of those on the outer side being much the longest. But when the first two sides, laid out and spiked on shore, are raised in the water, and a Scout goes up on each to lash the cross-pieces connecting them, it

is found that the outer section erected close to the pitch-off is settling, and it is decided that cribbing and ballast are necessary.

So the sides are taken down, and strong cribbing poles are securely spiked on each of them, the two on the bottom being largest and fastened with extra long spikes. Then these sides are erected once more, the necessary cross poles to hold them in place are lashed on, the remaining four long corner poles erected, lashed, and spiked, and their cross poles added, and the two builders return to the water to help finish the cribbing. This is accomplished by pushing poles crosswise between the cribbing poles spiked on the sides first erected, supplying walls and floor. Then the crib is filled with rocks, the whole troop turning to. And a tremendous job it is, the crib holding a couple of wagon loads of boulders. Luckily, boulders are plentiful — and Farmer Tom kindly helps out with a horse and a stone-boat. But the tower is now as firm as firm can be, and is soon finished.

Up to Stay. — The bridge building, under Mr. Tilton, is simple, with a centre pier and one on the shore, made by driving poles with Farmer Tom's maul. So in the end the job is done. But what a job! The tower wins, of course. But the Scout Master says, "One such tower is experience enough for three years, for any troop. It is too big an undertaking for so short a time in camp. We'll have to come back here next year to get enough use out of it to pay us for the work."

However, judging from the way the boys learn, in the four afternoons they have left before going home, to dive and jump from its elevation of twelve feet above the water, and from the Scout Master's satisfied expression as he

watches them, you form the opinion that he is well pleased with the undertaking. As for yourself, you tell Pud how fortunate it is to belong to a troop with so many big, clever Scouts in it. The Scouts are tremendously proud of it all, and the detail off grub duty do not in the least regret the morning's holiday they have sacrificed to help with the work.

Coöperation. — That is another thing you like in the fellows in the troop. They are all willing to pass up their leave of absence, which they have well earned, to help the troop in any undertaking. When the troop came to camp you were pretty doubtful of the success of the Scout Master's plan of having the cooking done by the members of the troop. Some of the fellows could cook, you knew, but when it came to taking each day's detail from the troop roster in alphabetical order, you felt sure one detail would turn out all good cooks and another all poor ones. But you soon readjusted your ideas when you saw how the fellows took hold.

There were Graves and Harrison, for example. At first they didn't even know how to butter bread, but before their first trick on grub duty was over they were just as handy as you. "There isn't a blockhead in the troop," the Scout Master had said. "And you are willing. That is all we need. I am sure every Scout will enjoy having the privilege of working for the troop, and the troop will be proud of the service." And that is just how it has turned out. Moreover, there is a good deal of conscious pride in the troop concerning the fact, now thoroughly demonstrated, that the Scouts can run their own camp in first-class fashion without a bit of outside assistance, and do more other work, play more, and have more fun between whiles,

than any fellow ever knew or heard of at any other boys' camp.

"That shows you what organization will do," says Nick. "The Scout Master's got us all with him, strong as mustard. And in turn he's got us running like a well-oiled engine. It's the finest thing that could happen to a fellow, to be in this troop and in this camp. We're tuned up like a winning football team — pulling together, every fellow forgetting himself and thinking of the interests of the whole bunch.

Consolidated Loyalty. — "Look at Good-Turn Daly. He's been in the troop just two months. Joined just to come to camp — says so himself. And look at the change in him! Never did a good turn before in his selfish little life. Fellows used to call him 'Shrimp.' There isn't a better kid in the troop now. That time he got kangarooed for knocking the Scout Master woke him up. He's learned discipline and loyalty — and that's what's made a real Scout of him."

Nick is right, too.

"And look what the fellows have done for Tom," he persists. "He treated us right the very first thing. And he can have anything we've got. Fellows are doing his chores for him, instead of stealing his plums. I tell you the Scout Master has the right idea when he says the average boy is all right but doesn't know it. This camp proves it."

Yes, it does. More than anything else, it proves the value of organization in showing a group of boys that they are all right — especially when they have discipline and loyalty instilled in them to the degree that they are able to appreciate it.

"Inside" Discipline. — Like a wheel within a wheel, the discipline within the discipline of the troop is interesting to contemplate. Sunday, the sixth day, furnishes an example. There is no program after the second assembly. The Scout Master has announced that the boys may spend the day as they wish; also that no religious service will be held in the camp; those desiring to do so may go to church in the village, two and a half miles away, where there are churches of various denominations. He must stay in camp, because visitors are expected. Naturally, every one is glad to have a day free from discipline. And still there is discipline all the time.

The boys going to church stop at headquarters when leaving and report, as a courtesy to the Scout Master. The inseparable Wise Men of the East, who have won the right in a drawing contest to take out the "battleship," as Farmer Tom's big skiff is called, do likewise; in this case, not only as a courtesy, but because they are going far down the lake, and know the Scout Master should be acquainted with the fact. Judge Woodbury, in his bathing suit, rigs a hiking tent over the diving tower as an awning, and takes his place up there, without orders, to keep an eye on the lake front, with the life-boat tied below ready for instant use if needed. He, too, has reported to the Scout Master. Later in the morning, when the Scout Master himself leaves the camp to do some telephoning, he sends you to Mr. Tilton to report the fact, who in turn sends the report on to the Officer of the Day, with the additional information that he also is leaving, to pay a visit to some campers down the lake.

Yes, discipline is the thing; there's never any fear of mat-

ters being at sixes and sevens where its influence holds sway. What with Nick's lecture and these simple incidents to think over, you feel that you have spent a profitable morning. A conclusion which suggests a nap.

Chumming. — A nap in the middle of the forenoon! That's the idea. With Rooster you hunt a quiet place in the grove, and there lie down on your blankets. But you never so much as close your eyes. Too much to talk about. Rooster, as usual, wants to discuss birds, and you, on your part, are equally worked up about the "show" scheduled for Monday afternoon, at which you have heard Judge Woodbury is going to appear as Daniel Boone. Later, the discussion drifts to the fife, drum, and trumpet corps, and what marches they will play on dress parade in the evening, it having been decided to hold dress parade for the visitors, after retreat.

"Ka-loo-o-o-o-o-!" An automobile! And in short order the visitors are arriving, bringing Sunday papers, handshakes, and smiles for everybody — and a couple of whopping watermelons. All in all, it is about as lively a morning as any.

Spectacular Stunts. — Fire drill on Monday is so much fun that you wish there had been time to hold it every day. The excitement is fine. Unfortunately, to have a really spectacular drill calls for a good deal of smoke, and in their enthusiasm the "incendiaries" neglect to pile enough weeds on the fire (for smoke making) and the "house" (made with a couple of tumbledown sign-boards brought from the roadside), catches fire from the blaze inside it and is so nearly destroyed before the bucket-line puts it out that another fire is not feasible, even if time for it could be found.

Wall scaling and first-aid drill follow in quick succession, affording good competitions. And the rope climbing contest in the barn is a rouser, there being four ropes. Each patrol has one, and at the starting signal must get it over a beam above the swing-beam hay mow, which is empty, make it fast, and climb up into the mow. A bowline is tied on the end of each rope, a long piece of cord attached, and on the end of the cord a heavy iron nut from Tom's scrap-box. At the signal, each patrol leader throws the nut carrying his cord over the high beam. Of course it lands in the mow, but there is a Scout there for each patrol, who throws it down and follows down the ladder. The rope is quickly drawn over the beam, the other end slipped through the bowline, the latter yanked up to the beam, and up go the Scouts in a grand scramble. The Boones are first up, next the Kit Carsons, then the Crocketts, and last, more's the pity, the Kentons. Nick had utterly overlooked Tilly's rope-climbing instruction, and Tilly did the losing. Another stunt everybody would like to try all over. But once again it is time for recall.

The Big Hike. — Tuesday morning is your last morning for scouting; next day the troop packs up to go home. By common consent the full time is devoted to a ten-mile hike around the lake, with a test of the ability of the wireless corps, and the worth of their apparatus as the main feature. And as a fitting climax, they acquit themselves in fine style, not only sending the Scout Master's messages to camp from a hill over two miles away, but receiving replies from Sirdar in camp, who also sends the Scout Master a message received in camp, which has been telephoned to the nearest phone station, at "the next house up the road,"

requesting him to take photographs of the diving tower for the newspaper, the editor having heard all about it from some of your visitors. And thus you all know, before starting for home, that the fame of your camp has travelled before you.

"Well, boys," says the Scout Master, when you reach camp at noon, "our last morning's scouting is over. Now which morning did you enjoy the most?"

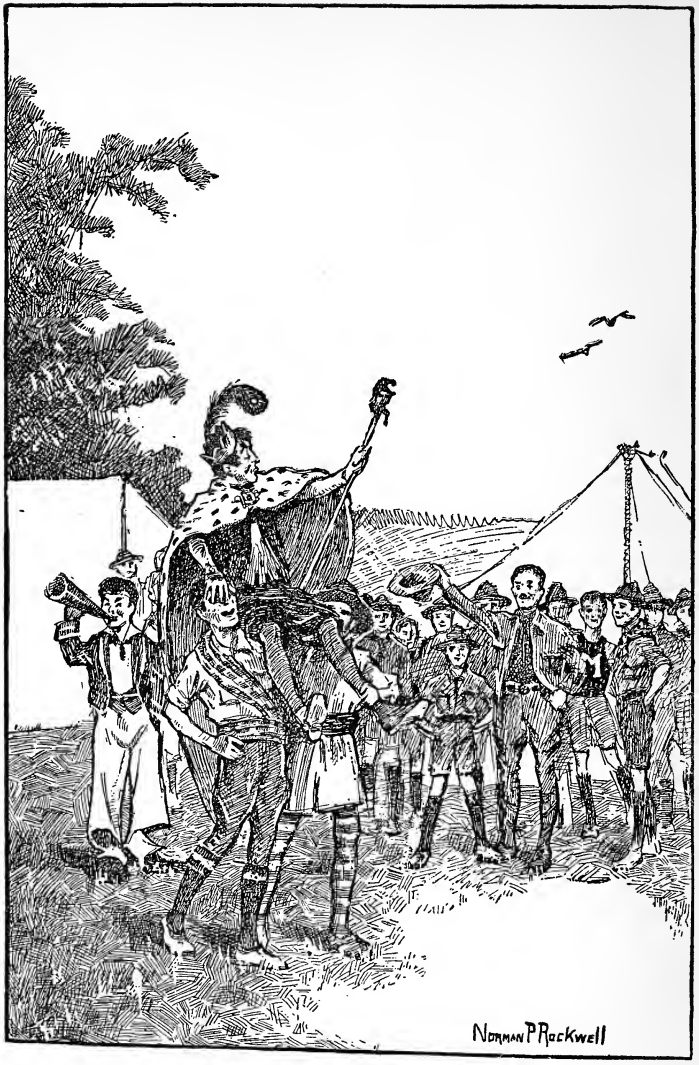
"Saturday — the morning we built the tower," is the answer given by the majority.

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, sir — hard work, but look what we did."

"Well, boys, I'm proud of you. I guess I'll have to let you tackle that log cabin headquarters after all."

"Hip, Hip, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"



THE COMING OF THE COMEDY KING

He is received and conducted to his throne by the Cluck-Cluck Clan, who have charge of the gala day at the annual encampment

CHAPTER XIII

AFTERNOON FUN

IN COMMON with the rest of the troop, you made more preparations for fun while in camp than for anything else. But your equipment is nothing compared to that of some others, you find. Early in the encampment you realize that there are to be some big surprises, and rightly conjecture that the best will come from the Three Wise Men — and the Judge. Yes, you must surely count the Judge in on anything big.

Swimming starts the ball rolling — and keeps it going most merrily, every afternoon from four to five o'clock, sometimes even later, depending on the Scout Master's generosity. Most of the boys would stay in the water till mess-call if he permitted it. But he makes it an unvarying rule that when he himself leaves the water recall is blown. He will not take chances on the safety of any boys left behind, and excuses of being late in getting "in" do not count with him. So the boys make the most of it while it lasts, and, in the words of Rooster, "joy is unconfined." Yes, and if joyous yelping is an indication, the chief trumpeter gets his full share. Nearly all who are not First-Class Scouts pass the test of swimming fifty yards, whether taking the other First-Class tests or not.

Camp Athletics. — The "track and field meet" is a big

success, even though there is not a single prize. No one, in fact, even so much as thinks of prizes. Somewhat to your surprise, you find that the Scout Master can run like sixty, even if his hair is turning gray. To stand at a little distance and see him, in shorts and athletic shirt, getting "set" at the mark with the rest in the officers' race, you would hardly think him a staid middle-aged business man.

Putting "the Last Ounce" In It

But he is not so quick in starting as some of the others. Mr. Tilton is first, and the Scout Master and Sirdar are tied for second place. They run another heat to decide it, and this time the lanky Sirdar wins.

The junior races are just as exciting, even if not so fast. And then, when it comes to your turn, Rooster trims you neatly. He certainly is getting to be a sprinter. The handicap, twice around the camp outside the tents, with everybody in but the Scout Master, Mr. Tilton, Judge Woodbury and Nick, is the most exciting race of all. Sir-

dar, running from scratch, comes very near to winning, but pays the penalty of having started too fast and is beaten to the tape by Rooster, whom he passed the first time around.

Back to First Principles. — A smooth, round stone serves for the shot in the shot-put, which goes to the Scout Master, with the Judge leading the Scouts. For the hammer, the same stone is tied in a sack, the bag furnishing the handle. Again the Scout Master triumphs. But this time it is the Commodore who leads the Scouts. A stocky pair, the Judge and Commodore.

At broad jumping, Mr. Tilton has the best of it, with Sirdar next, and the Scout Master a bad third, scarcely a heel's breadth ahead of Sheik, who is only sixteen.

"Oh, just wait," says the Wise Man, "I'll pass him on the high jump."

But he does nothing of the kind. The Scout Master knows how to jump, if he is getting a bit stiff, and does 4 feet 6, which, although he says it is "not even a beginning," bluffs the valiant Sheik out entirely. Unexpectedly, Gailey, the big Tenderfoot, who is as tall as the Scout Master although only fourteen, now comes to the front, for the first time in the meet. He also has mastered the peculiar style in jumping that marks every jumper of experience. And the bar is put up until he has cleared 5 feet. But that is his best. Plenty good enough to win him the admiration of the troop, who are glad to have a high jumper at last.

And Nick, oh, where was he?

"Running the meet, you dummy," he would have answered, had you asked him. And a capable referee at that. Just why he will compete in only one or two field and track

events is a puzzle to you. For at baseball and football he is a mainstay of the troop's first team. Perhaps, like Judge Woodbury, he keeps out to give the others a chance, although you doubt it. Maybe he is imitating the Judge. If that's the case he has his work cut out. You think if any one in the troop qualifies for the Judge's understudy it is the troop quartermaster, "Still Bill" Milburn, as capable as he is quiet, even if he seldom does shine.

Baseball Takes a Back Seat. — The ball game — you had hoped there would be two or three, one at least with an outside team — provides a good time, considering that more than half the troop are in the game. But mention of a second game fails to arouse interest. Perhaps the lack of a crowd is felt. Or is it that the Scouts have had about all the baseball they want for the season? There can be no doubt that the best players, some of whom play on the high school team, find it rather tame. You ask Nick about it.

"Now, look here, Jim," he growls, laying a heavy hand on your shoulder, "I like to have you in my patrol, and all that. And I'm dead sure you are going to be President some day. But I do wish you would get a copy of Sherlock Holmes and learn how to ferret out your own mysteries. It's the simplest thing in the world, deduction. Now in the present instance: We have all the rest of the long, beautiful summer to play baseball, and only — how many, two more? — two more short afternoons to discover the fountain of eternal youth. What's the answer?"

"I've got you. But say — how about this gala day affair? I know I'm not in on it, but. . . ."

The One Mystery. — "But me no buts, my son. If I were so much as to peep I might peck my way out of my

shell. And then I'd be a gone gosling, for the Wise Men would never rest till they had me in the lake with a rock around my neck. Go put on the gloves with somebody — there's Rooster, you can put it over him. Or practise up on that nip-up tumbling stunt of yours — you need the practice for to-morrow, and you can't do any worse than break your neck. Go on, now, like a good lad. Hear that? I called you a 'lad' — Go on and leave me alone to my sor . . ."

Biff!

Nick likes to hear himself talk. But from the look in his eyes as you hurry away, he would much rather act.

Scouting Competitions. — The "tumbling stunt" gets its test on Monday afternoon, when the "Medley Program" is run off, including scouting competitions, a tumbling exhibition by the candidates for the gymnastic team, which will play a strong part in the troop's "shows" during the winter; life-saving demonstration by the patrol leaders, and diving and swimming competitions. Oddly enough, the event that creates the most fun and excitement is one the Scout Master makes up on the spur of the moment. This is held after the last of the Scouting tests, an observation race.

There are two gates, just alike, both hung on the same post but opening into different fields, beside the barn, some fifty yards from where the troop is grouped in the grove. A wagon with a spring seat stands a few yards nearer the troop, an equal distance from the two gates. The Scout Master divides the troop by patrols, as for a flag race, and places Mr. Tilton and Judge Woodbury at the gates to open them. "Now, at the starting signal, one from each side,

carrying a semaphore flag, will run and close a gate and fasten it, run and jump into the wagon and sit on the seat, jump out and run back here and pass the flag to the next Scout in his line. The first flag back the last time wins. The gates must be shut and fastened, remember, or your side will be disqualified. Mr. Tilton and Woodbury will open them. Those on the right take the right-hand gate. Here are your flags. Ready, Set, Go!"

Whoop! Such yelling and whistling. Some of the best runners bungle the job of shutting their gate. They get rattled, perhaps. Some are much quicker than others at getting into the wagon. Pud slips and falls flat on the floor of the wagon box after he is in it. Another takes a tumble getting out of the wagon. A third turns an ankle running over a bit of rough turf. Milburn and Gailey get tangled in the wagon, and hold each other away from the seat, while their respective sides yell encouragement. Above all, it is mighty funny and exciting.

"Stable-Fire" Race. — The race makes such a big hit that another is tried, somewhat different. Instead of carrying a flag, the Scouts now carry a halter, run into the stable, tie the rope with a halter knot to the manger in that stall, run into the next stall, and untie a halter there, and return with it. Thus four halters and four stalls are in use. The Scout Master explains that in event of a fire in a stable the horses brought out must be tied somewhere to prevent their returning as they surely would, even though the stable were burning furiously. Mr. Tilton and the Judge remain in the stable to make sure the knots are properly tied and to prevent any confusion as to which stalls are to be used. This race also is productive of excitement and fun. But

the Scouts are all glad the Scout Master cut down the distance to twenty-five yards before starting it, for they do not want to run themselves out, with the swimming races yet to come.

"Any more?" asks some one, when the race is over.

"I guess that is enough, boys," says the Scout Master. "Unless you want to try a bumblebee race."

"What!" "What's that?" "A bumblebee race!"

"Yes. I know where there is a good, lively nest in the ground over there in that patch of clover. I'll put a stake on each side of the nest, and hang a Scout's hat on each. Then the ones to start will carry a hat, change the hats on the stake that belongs to their side, and return. And they can use one or both hats to keep away the bees! Are you . . ."

"Not on your life!" "Have a heart!" "Cruelty to animals!" "It's — time — to — go — swim — ming!"

"All right. Thought that would stop you. Swimming call, Rossiter."

Aquatics. — The swimming and diving competitions are not particularly interesting, because every one knows who the best swimmers are. But when the life-saving exhibition comes, and the patrol leaders attempt to "save" Mr. Tilton, and he on his part tries to give them a realistic example of how dangerous an undertaking it would be if he were actually drowning and crazed with fear, duckings are so persistent that the Scout Master becomes worried and blows his whistle. And as it happens, all are glad to get ashore to rest and recover their breath, the Assistant Scout Master included. Later, the Scout Master tests the patrol leaders, one at a time, by having them bring him ashore from deep

water, he meantime doing nothing to help himself — except when he has to! Two of the four accomplish the task in fine shape. The others, although sometimes submitting the Scout Master to more water than his breathing apparatus can comfortably stand, nevertheless satisfy him that they know their work fairly well.

The climax comes when the Judge quietly offers to bring Mr. Tilton ashore from as far out in the lake as he cares to go, "and make him come peaceably." It is a challenge not to be denied. But you feel pretty sure Mr. Tilton will not take too many chances with the troop's crack Scout — an Eagle Scout at that — for fear of getting more than he cares for of his own medicine. Woodbury is not an officer in the troop, because he will not accept an office, having, as he maintains, had more than his share of honours. As a finished Scout, it would be difficult to find his superior.

You are not a bit surprised to see Mr. Tilton jump overboard from the boat not more than two hundred yards from shore, and make but a feeble resistance when reached by Judge, as he is in quick time, the Scout being a master of the crawl stroke. No more strenuous "death grips," the Judge might break them a bit too roughly for comfort. The Assistant Scout Master is quickly brought ashore, where Woodbury demonstrates resuscitation.

He certainly well deserves the honour he enjoys, of being the idol of the troop, does this same quiet Eagle Scout; for with all his ability, there is none of the braggart about him.

Comes the Comedy King. — So you are immensely pleased when, the following afternoon, in the height of the wildest frolic of the encampment, when the Sheik in the rôle of the Comedy King is taking the camp by storm, you

recognize in his tattered and abject "minion" the sturdy figure of the Judge.

The Comedy King comes to camp from across the lake, in the "battleship," rowed by a single minion. He is met at the water's edge by the Cluck-Cluck Clan, who have "terrorized the camp into making no resistance." Two husky Cluck-Clucks, easily recognized despite their "blood-red" masks, to be the Sirdar and Teddy Sahib Gregg, take the King upon their shoulders and carry him to the campus, where he is placed upon his throne, made of some boxes covered with bunting. And there his poor minion kneels at his feet, head bowed low, a picture of abject submission.

Sitting very straight, with a most amazing expression of scornful "imperiousness" on his painted face, for a monarch of his kind, the Comedy King stares the camp to silence. The Scouts sit down in a circle. And then ensues a dialogue:

KING: "Arise, base minion, and quit thy grovelling."

MINION: "Aye, sire."

KING: "Why came we here, slave? Who are these people? Speak, or I shall!"

MINION: (Falling on his knees.) "Speak not! I pray thee."

KING: "Rise, craven. Why should I not speak?"

MINION: "Because the lessons thou teachest are best taught indirectly. I, thy poor minion, am well qualified to speak for thee."

KING: "Speak on, impudent knave, but beware what thou sayest."

MINION: "We are come here, most worshipful master, to teach faith, hope, and charity. Faith in the good in

everything, hope for betterment in everything, charity for the bad in everything. These are the Boy Scouts, loyal subjects all, who yet do not understand thee."

KING: "Why am I not understood by them?"

MINION: "My Lord, thou art not quite understood by any one save thy minions. If men fail to pierce thy thick mask of fun, how shall boys see thy sad face?"

KING: "And how know ye I am sad, wise knave?"

MINION: "Because I, too, am sad."

KING: "Who art thou?"

MINION: "I am Sorrow."

KING: "And why sad?"

MINION: "For the woes of this sad world."

KING: "The world has life. Is that not enough?"

MINION: "Life is a tragedy. Without thy benign influence it would be unendurable. Knowing this, thou art sad; for Comedy cannot be everywhere."

KING: "Come, come! Enough! Thou art a dull fellow. Proceed with the lesson."

MINION: "It is finished, sire. We teach but the text. It remains for those who have received it to find its application."

KING: "What now, then, Sorrow?"

MINION: "Thy task is to reign over the camp until the close of this, its last day, is announced by the trumpet call of taps. Thy part is that of the leaven in the loaf, to bring the camp to sweet and wholesome fulfilment. Mine is now to depart, that there be no sorrow in the camp at its close. I go to send my brother Joy, to attend thee in my stead."

KING: "Arise, Boy Scouts, and big good-bye to

Sorrow. Farewell, good Sorrow. Thou art an honest fellow. O that more that meet thee might learn to know thy kindly virtues! O that they that hate thee could but know that thou art the brother of Joy! Farewell."

Unescorted, the tattered and dejected Sorrow leaves the camp and rows across the lake.

The Arrival of Joy. — Later, his costume and make-up changed, the Judge appears in the guise of the jolliest Joy imaginable. The Cluck-Clucks, with their rooster calls, make a great to-do over his coming. The Comedy King, meantime, has been "receiving" the various members of the troop in costume, and causing them to do stunts for him. Now, on the arrival of Joy, the gayety of the camp quickens perceptibly.

The King demands a "review," and Joy, assuming the rôle of master of ceremonies, soon has "Buffalo Bill," "Geronimo," "Doctor Cook," and the whole company in costume, playing leap-frog, with uproarious effect.

After that comes the annual Cluck-Cluck contest, in which more than half of the troop strive for membership in the Cluck-Cluck Clan for the ensuing year. They are ranged in a Scout circle, holding hands, and the Comedy King, as such also Chief Chanticleer, and the sole Scout elected to the Clan for the next year, wearing a pair of boxing gloves, proceeds to belabour them at will. Whoever is hit must make a noise that "could be made by a rooster," and to fail to do so, or to break the circle by letting go a hand, is to be compelled to drop out of the circle and forfeit the chance of being one of the Clan.

The Cluck-Cluck Contest. — The Sheik is a merciless Chanticleer and soon drives out the smaller aspirants.

Needless to say, it is uproariously funny. As the Cluck-Clucks constitute the unofficial entertainment committee of the troop and conduct not only the Coming of the Comedy King at the annual encampment, but also all initiations of new members throughout the year, there are not a few who strive earnestly to qualify. Such clucking, cackling, squawking, and crowing, while the Chanticleer strikes left and right, unmercifully! Such ducking, too! He has fifteen minutes in which to drive aspirants out of the circle. And so vigorous is he that when at last the Scout Master blows his whistle, there are but six of the larger Scouts left in the circle about the perspiring and now thoroughly tired Chanticleer. No such luck for you to be one of them. The other two Wise Men are there, and Nick, the Commodore, Judge, and Rooster, blame him. Why, it is the same crowd all over again, except that Rooster has replaced Pickles. Poor Pud has a bloody nose.

And now something else dawns upon you: The Cluck-Clucks are the same fellows who constitute the Kangaroo Court. It makes you wonder if Sheik did not miss a few heads purposely. Well, no matter, they are the ones in the troop best fitted to play their parts.

Other stunts follow in whirlwind fashion, the Cluck-Clucks keeping things moving with a jump. It is a continuous "scream," to quote little Tilly, who is so excited you fear he will be overcome. And then, all too soon, swimming call is blown. Too soon? In one way, yes; but in fact the troop would quit almost anything to go swimming.

Fun in the Water. — The Comedy King does not disrobe, but ascends the lookout tower, from which vantage he

directs the most spectacular diving the troop have ever seen. His commands are law, and only the most daring have the hardihood to climb up to him. Forward somersaults, back flapjacks, butterflies, cannon-balls and other spectacular dives are ordered, and as regularly attempted. Only the Commodore, however, gets away with them all, although the Judge executes some very well, and Sirdar succeeds in doing the somersault after several ludicrous failures.

The last supper is the best meal of the camp, in the sense that it is attended with the most jollity. All along, the boys have been promising themselves a "big feed" when they get home. Now, with their good times coming to an end, they realize that after all, their simple fare has been mighty good, considering the cooking facilities and the limitations imposed by camping conditions. Best of all, it has been prepared by the Scouts themselves. And it makes you feel good to think of that — how the fellows have worked for each other in this intimate way. It is so different from anything else. To work for others is noble, every fellow knows; but the privilege of cooking your friend a good meal — yes, six of them — is something big, something to never forget. When you think how others have done the same thing for you, you feel different toward them than you ever did before.

The Twilight Hour. — Every evening since the encampment began has been an unalloyed delight. From retreat to dark invariably has been an endless romp for the playful ones; after dark, too, till the camp-fire's irresistible attraction put an end to it. There is no place like camp for skylarking, and twilight is the time of times. On this last evening, however, even Pud forgets his mischief. The only

other time you can remember seeing him behave himself at this time of day was the occasion of the moonlight hike. To-night he busies himself listlessly tying knots in a bit of rope.

"'S'matter Pud?" asks Nick. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"Umph."

"Homesick?"

"Get out. One homesick kid in the camp's enough."

"Well, he's your chum. It's catching, among young children."

Biff! Pud knows very well that Nick was kinder to poor Tilly during that sensitive little Scout's temporary attack of homesickness, than even Tilly's big brother. Nick's all right, but his back-handed way needs some of the rough edges pounded off. And Pud is the boy to do it.

"All right, Pudley, old top. You'll be a man before me yet. But you might give me a chance to grow up with a whole set of ribs. I know what's the matter with you. Feel that way myself. Come on, you and Til and Jim sit with me; they're starting the camp-fire."

The Last Camp-Fire. — A rousing big camp-fire it is going to be, with everybody in the circle about it.

"Makes a fellow feel glum," says Nick at your elbow, as you take your seats on Pud's mattress in the big circle.

"You said it!"

Others feel the same way, you may be sure. But the Comedy King is on the job and soon puts an end to such thoughts. From his throne at the "head" of the circle, he directs his minion, Joy, to light the fire. Then, when the blazes begin to mount and crackle, the King starts the passing of the Pot of Peace, a saucepot containing souvenirs of

the camp, each a bit of white duck stamped by a rubber stamp and indelible ink with the name and the dates of the camp.

Next there are cheers for the absent members, a cheer for each as his name is called.

Now the King starts the merriment, calling right and left for song and story. Every song has a chorus, and every fellow joins in. Every song you can think of, seemingly, is sung; all the old favourites and the latest good ones. The fife, drum, and trumpet corps play all their marches, and then Teddy Sahib Gregg recites for the first time a perfectly killing rhymed "Fable of Fussy's Collapsible Cot."

This seems to be a signal for the recounting of all the funniest happenings of the camp with startling embellishments. "Gailey's Rattler" comes to life in song, to the tune of "Oh, Didn't He Ramble?" and of course rattles instead of rambles. Next the Comedy King, standing on his throne, his "ermine" cloak gleaming in the firelight, sings in a very droll way of how he

". . . stood on the bridge at midnight,
When the 'harrse' (in Tom's stable) was kicking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the railing,
On top of the diving tower."

Auld Lang Syne. — Not until after ten o'clock does the Scout Master look at his watch. Then, with everybody standing — and a tear in many another eye beside your own you know full well — the whole troop join in singing the last song of the encampment, Auld Lang Syne.

Poor Tilly, victim of his emotions, is again in trouble, as you three others can see by the fact that he is in his bed,

with the blanket pulled over his head, when you enter the tent. No one says anything to him, and soon the light is out. Then comes taps — taps for the last time, blown by Rossiter at headquarters. As the last note dies away, hark! Some one out on the lake is blowing the echo, oh, so softly and sweetly! It is the Sheik; that you know for a certainty. No one else in the troop can play a trumpet like that. Gee! what a lump you have in your throat.

A sob.

"What's the matter, Tilly?" gently, from Nick.

"I — I n — never (sob) had such — a (sob) good time — in my life!"

"That's all right, old man. We all feel just the same way. Only thing is some of us are so tough we are ashamed to show it. I've got a lump in my throat as big as a walnut myself. And I wouldn't think much of any fellow who hasn't."

"Same here," from Pud. And you echo the sentiment with "Here, too."

A Camp Uprising. — "That being the case," pursues Nick, in an undertone, stirring about in the darkness, "something's got to be done. This camp isn't going to cry itself to sleep as long as there is a way to prevent it. Get on your sneaks, fellows — pajamas and sneaks. Up goes the discipline of the camp, if your Uncle Nick gets shot at sunrise."

"What you going to do, Nick? No noise after taps, you know."

"In extreme emergencies, watch a guy named Finley." And Nick slips out of the tent. In a few minutes he returns, having made the round of all the tents. "Trap's set,

fellows. Now listen to the mocking bird." A pause, and then comes a strident "Caw! Caw! Ca-w-w-w!" that fairly lifts your hair. It is a "crow call," of the kind used by shooters to decoy crows where they are shot as a nuisance and a menace to crops and the eggs and young of song birds. But you never imagined Nick had one.

"Quack! Qua-a-a-a-ck! Qua-a-a-a-ck! Qua-a-ck! Quack!" from across the campus on a duck call, like a wild hen mallard calling to a passing flock.

Out of the tent you bustle. And the whole camp turns out with you — all except Judge, Rooster, the Scout Master, and Mr. Tilton. All are in pajamas, and quickly fall in, in troop formation, with the exception of one white figure, who takes command. Of course you do not know for sure that Judge and Rooster are absent, but as they tent in the Red Cross and headquarters tents, you surmise they cannot come out. Considering the events of the afternoon, however, you do not exactly anticipate trouble from headquarters.

The Pantomime Drill. — Not a word is spoken. The drill-master, whose face you cannot see in the dim light, takes a position in front of the troop and extends his arms sideways and waves them outward. This seems to be a signal, for the troop immediately gives way on the left until they are in extended order formation. Then, in pantomime, the drill-master signals the first movement of the setting-up drill. "Quack!" The movement is executed. Another pantomime, another quack, and so on throughout the drill.

Then, in the sign language, close order is ordered, and the troop closes up. Right, Face and Forward are signalled. "Quack!" And the troop step off. There seems to be an

excellent understanding between the drill-master, the guides, and the squad leaders, for a really good drill is conducted without a word being spoken. There is a deal of snickering, of course, and all eyes are on the Scout Master's tent as constantly as possible.

Comes a halt and a pause. The drill-master, whom you now know to be Sheik, hesitates a bit, as if thinking up something else to do. Stepping to the flag-pole, he jerks off the upper garment of his pajamas, makes it fast, and runs it up, where it streams out in the breeze, the arms flapping gayly. Such giggling!

Raided! — "*Caw! Caw! Caw!*" The pajama army, in precipitate retreat, disappear in the tents in the proverbial three jerks, routed by *a man on horseback* who gallops into the camp and around the circle of tents!

Tremendous excitement and bewilderment prevail, in your tent at least. Every fellow is under his blanket. Nick, more daring, is under his with his head where his feet ought to be. He peeps out of the tent. "Look, fellows!" he hoarsely whispers. And through the open front of the tent you all see the mysterious horseman ride up to the flag-pole and haul down Nick's "flag." He rides over to the Scout Master's tent and you see some one in pajamas come out. There is an exchange of a few words, the pajamed figure returns to the tent, and the horseman gallops away, *waving Nick's pajama flag!*

"Gee whiz! Too much excitement for a small boy like me. I'm going out and ask questions," declares Nick. Obviously there are others of like mind, for you see two or three shadowy figures emerging cautiously from as many different tents; only to bob hastily back in again, for the

Scout Master's whistle splits the air, and a menacing, big, white-clad figure stands in front of his tent.

"What the dickens!" "So say we all of us." "Can it, fellows. Wait till morning." And filled with a delicious sense of wonder, you somehow fall asleep without once turning over.

The "Tearful Trek"

CHAPTER XIV

HOMEWARD BOUND

WHEN you awake at first call, the next morning, Nick is missing. In a few minutes he comes in fully dressed, his shoes wet from the dew. "Some day, yesterday," he remarks, with a wise nod.

"What have you been doing, Nick?"

"Scouting, son. And I've scouted the mysterious horseman to his lair. I tracked the horse. It was Tom's buggy horse. And Sheik's pajam is in the Scout Master's tent hanging on a hook. I don't want to mention any names, but ——"

"You mean it was the Scout Master?"

"Sure. When Rooster stepped out to blow first call a bit ago, I was hiding by the side of the tent, and captured him. Wouldn't let him blow the call till he told me all about it. 'Muzzled' him and dragged him away from the tent so the Scout Master didn't hear.

The Mystery Solved. — "He said that at the first quack the Scout Master put on his shorts and sneaks. Then he made an overcoat of his blanket,* and when we were all watching Sheik so carefully, doing the setting-up drill, and he was watching us, the Scout Master slipped out under the back of his tent, and keeping the tent between him and us for cover, sneaked to the barn. When he galloped in on the horse Mr. Tilton naturally ran out, and as we all were running we didn't see them meet. Mr. Tilton caught on at once and ducked into the Scout Master's tent and it was he who blew the whistle and came out and bluffed us back into our tents. Scout Master sneaked back the same way he went, and then after they had a good laugh Mr. Tilton skipped back to his tent. Talk about your kids — the Scout Master's worse than any of us, when he gets a good chance."

"Yes, but think of him hatching that stunt up all in a jiffy!"

"Rooster says he didn't say a word to him about what he was going to do. Just said, "Sit tight. Stay in the tent no matter what turns up."

Explanations. — At roll call, the Scout Master returns Sheik's "half portion of pajamas" with a perfectly serious face, saying it "came into his possession in a rather extraordinary way," and admonishing the Sheik not to sleep in his Scout shirt so long as he has "something more suitable."

"Ho, ho!" laughs the Sheik. "This is mine, all right; that's my name on the collar. But you are mistaken, sir, in thinking it is something to sleep in. It's a flag!"

"Well, I'm surprised," says the Scout Master, when the

*See page 150, "The Boy Scout's Hike Book."

laugh has subsided. Will you kindly tell me what your flag represents?"

"Yes, sir. Last night it represented rebellion."

"Rebellion! What do you mean by that?"

"Rebellion against going to sleep in an atmosphere of sadness. A lot of the fellows were fighting blue devils last night, sir, after taps. Too much Auld Lang Syne. So we followed this flag for a bit."

"Did the results justify the means?"

"Yes, sir — more than justified them, I think. It seems to be a kind of a dangerous flag to fly, considering the way it was charged and hauled down. All the Scouts in my tent fell asleep from fright."

"I see. Well, I'm glad you didn't call out your army for any less worthy purpose, and that it happened the last night in camp. We cannot get along without proper discipline, you know. I'm not going to inflict any punishment. I only wish to remark that your flag would have been safer had you posted a guard around the headquarters tent."

That ends it, for the Scout Master knows the result of Nick's discoveries is all over the camp. Also he knew, without asking the Sheik, what the "uprising" was for; otherwise he would have put an end to it before it got started.

"**Up and Ranging.**" — "It is queer," says Nick, when you go to wash up. "Last night we all were in the dumps because we had to go home. Now look at the fellows! Almost as excited as the day we left."

"Sure," you reply. "It's fun to be going anywhere. 'There's ever cheer in changing.' Fun to be going home

even when you've been away but a couple of days. There's so much to tell. 'So we'll be up and ranging.'

"Yes, and a lot of the fellows have never been away from home before; and we've been here eight days. As for things to tell — just think of it! I know I'll talk my folks into a collapse."

There is indeed a general air of excitement about the camp. All of the Scouts are wearing their long trousers, leggings, and Scout shirts. Some have their pack-sacks packed before breakfast. And as usual when some important move is to be made, the Scout Master is pestered with questions; to all of which he replies, "Bring it up at the next assembly."

Breakfast is a bigger meal than usual. There is grub to be consumed; some will be left over at that. Then, after the washing and packing away of mess-kits, assembly.

Every one who has a camera is given a last chance to snap a picture of the troop, standing at attention, with the tents behind them. "If I could only get the tan," says the Scout Master, closing his big kodak.

Packing Up. — "No fatigue duty till everything is packed up, boys," he announces. "First of all, pack up duffle bags and pack-sacks. Next, take all ticks to the darn and empty out the straw; Milburn, save one tickful for packing your chests. Take down all stretchers and carry the poles and stakes to that pin-oak at the edge of the grove back of the cook-tent, and pile them up neatly. Fold up all folding cots. Then roll up your blanket-rolls. Pile all this baggage on the east side of the flag-pole in a neat tier.

"Now then, I want volunteers to dispose of garbage; only those who have folding cots and no personal packing-up left

to do — I notice some blanket-rolls already strapped. Hands!"

Nick. Sheik, Sirdar, and Judge are chosen. "Fall out." And soon a file of "straw elephants" is winding out of the camp to the barn. Pretty frolicsome elephants, some of them, when they get to jousting. The particular part you will longest remember, perhaps, is a pile of ticks with a string of Scouts earnestly somersaulting over it onto a couple of other ticks on the down-grade side of it. Real somersaults, some of them, too. "Come on, boys. Save some of that tumbling to take home. Lots to do." And away go the elephants, their "hides" returning a few minutes later as the most conspicuous feature of a sack race. Whoop! The fellows are bound to squeeze some fun out of the camp while it lasts.

The personal duffle is packed in short order. Then comes another assembly.

The "Wrecking" Starts. — "Now we will take down the mess-tent and the cook-tent. Those on grub duty — the patrol leaders — need not help, but will set aside the left-over provisions and those for our lunch. Take the latter over in the grove and pile them on the cook-tent tarpaulin. When you have that done Milburn will direct the packing of the cooking kit in the camp-chests. Leave one of them open to receive tools and utensils when we are through with them; those who take down the cook-tent will help you when they get that done. The Boones and Kit Carsons will take down the mess-tent, and knock the tables and benches apart. Save the oilcloth. Pile lumber and poles with the rest of the poles under the pin-oak. Everybody else help at the cook-tent. Fall out."

"Work, now, to keep you out of mischief," says Nick. "When you get through on the tent, give me a hand. It's some job packing the chests. The things from the Red Cross tent have to go in, too, you know."

Work! It is a picnic. Everything goes with a rush, even the packing of the chests, with straw and burlap in plenty at hand, and half a dozen Scouts around each chest.

"Hey, hold up there," orders Milburn. "Not so fast, you fellows. That shovel is needed to fill the latrine pit. Hey, Nick, make them use that old broom on the stove before you pack it. You, Jim, shovel the dirt and ashes into the fire hole."

Looking Ahead. — "Oh, yes, we'll ramble!" sings Rooster. "Hey, Jim, what you going to do to-night?"

"Oh, I know," chirps Nick. "I know where to look for Jimmy all right. He got three letters and two postals from. . . ."

"Aw, shut up, Nick."

"Well you're not going to deny it, are you?"

"I'm going to develop pictures, that's what I'm going to do, if anybody asks you."

"Huh! I've got a picture of you doing it. Come on, give me that handsaw. Wake up, can't you?"

"Know what I'm going to do to-night?" asks Nick, guilelessly, after a bit.

"Get sick on ice-cream sodas," you answer.

The Comforts of Home. — "Not on your life. Pickles is the anaconda of this troop. Look at him now, sucking a lemon. No, sir! I'm going to spread as much Finley between two cool, clean bedsheets as the laws of nature will allow. I'll be pushing my poor old hot feet against the

deliciously cool foot of the ancestral brass bed when some of you chumps are shaking joss-sticks on somebody else's veranda and telling how delightfully free from mosquitoes this camp was."

"Oh, very well, Nicholas. You need to go to bed early anyhow, the way they yank you out in the morning at your house. I'll bet a dollar I hear you pushing the lawn mower when I wake up in the morning. 'Come Nich-o-las!' He-he!"

Thump! "Scout Master wants you, don't you hear?"

No getting the better of Nick. You don't hear anything of the kind. But you do hear assembly, very shortly.

"We will strike the tents now, boys," says the Scout Master. "First loosen all the tent loops. Then remove from their stakes all guy-ropes on the left side, except the corner ones. Let one Scout stand at each of these, and one at each upright pole. At the preparatory command, 'Strike,' the two left corner guy-ropes will be slipped off the stakes and held in the hands; have the ropes slack enough and do it quickly. And at the command 'Tents,' lower the tents instantly by flopping them down on their right side. All understand that? All right. Fall out."

Striking the Tents. — In less than five minutes all are ready. "Take a last look at the camp, fellows," suggests Nick. "Looks forlorn already with the grub tents missing, but the whole shooting-match will be gone in a minute. Steady now."

"Strike, Tents!"

Down they all go, simultaneously.

"Forlorn? Huh!" observes Pud. "Looks like a cyclone struck us. Shall we tie the poles together, Nick?"

"Sure. They were tied when we came up, weren't they?"

"Oh, very well. Rope! Hey, Til-l-a-y! Bring some rope."

"Yank up all the pegs and stakes, fellows," says Nick. "No, don't pound them so. Just a couple of raps to loosen them a bit, then loop a rope around 'em and pull 'em straight out. That's the idea; put them in the bag."

Soon the poles are all bundled, and the tents and pegs are tied in bags, and all piled neatly beside the baggage. Meantime, the quartmaster's packing is completed to the extent that one chest is closed and locked and the other is ready to receive the few things that must be kept out till the last. Once more assembly is blown, this time for fatigue.

The Final Clean Up. — "Police up the whole grounds, now, boys, Get every scrap of litter. Pile all small stuff on the spot where we've had the camp-fire and burn it. Carry away large sticks to the woodpile. Then come over in the grove, and we'll auction off some of our left-overs."

The Scouts have to go over the grounds a second time before the Scout Master is satisfied. Then the auction, with the fellows bidding ridiculously high prices for soap, candles, matches, anything they can carry, or think they can get the quartermaster to put in the remaining open camp-chest for them. It's great fun, too. Many of the fellows have never before had a chance to bid at an auction. Beside, the money goes into the camp fund. Afterward, potatoes, onions, and a few other things are sent up to the house to be given to Farmer Tom's wife.

"Now for retreat, boys. Blow assembly, Rossiter. Fall in where we are," says the Scout Master.

He marches the troop to the dismantled camp ground,

and swings them into the big Scout circle about the flag-pole. "Troop, Halt. Left, Face. Trumpeters, blow retreat."

Retreat. — As the last note of the call dies away, the first note of "to the colour" is sounded by one trumpet. Immediately after, the Scout Master lets the halyard slide slowly through his fingers, and the Scouts all uncover in the military salute to the Stars and Stripes as the flags start slowly down the flag-pole. Down at last, the flags are folded up, to be packed in the Scout Master's steamer trunk.

"Now the flag-pole is yours, boys. All right, Woodbury, take charge."

Stepping forward, the Judge examines the pole with elaborate care. Finding it in no manner defaced with signatures or initals, he steps back. "All right, fellows. The first Scout up the pole — I don't mean up to the top! Just up high enough so he can't be pulled down — has the right to cut as much off the top of it as he wants for a souvenir. No slugging, now. Now then, Ready, Set, Go!"

Wow! Talk about scrimmages. And such yelling! As fast as a Scout is boosted up by one, he is pulled down by another. Suddenly you find yourself jerked out of the mêlée by Nick. "Stand still!" He jerks out another of his patrol, then another, till there are six of you. No one notices you. "Now a wedge, quick, Rooster in front, me right behind him. Put him up the pole. I'll boost him — rest of you fight the others off. All together. Now!"

Strategy Wins. — Zip, crash, and up goes Rooster. Team work's the thing. There are a few frantic efforts to pull him down before he gets out of reach, but with five husky Kentons to repel such attacks the rest is easy. For Rooster can climb, and Nick boosts mightily.

Whoop! Hurrah! Amid the cheers Rooster climbs 'way up, twenty feet at least. He waves his hand, and grins down at the crowd.

"Si, Si, Sim-on Ken-ton!
Ki, yi, yip, wahoo!
Right, tight, fight like an Injun!
Give you odds and beat you, too!"

The pole belonging now to your patrol, you quickly take it down, and Rooster chops off eight feet of the top; to make a Scout staff, to be voted for at a later time, or to provide an axe handle for each of the six of you. The remainder of the pole is carried to the wood-pile under the pin-oak.

The Last Breaking of Bread. — The patrol leaders now commence to prepare the lunch; a comparatively simple task, considering there is but lemonade and salmon sandwiches to make. Yet it is nearly twelve o'clock when it is ready and Rooster blows the last mess-call.

After a jolly lunch, the lemonade bucket and dippers are washed and dried and packed away, the big tarpaulin is bundled up, and there is nothing left but to take down the latrine tent and fill the pit. One o'clock sees this completed and the last camp-chest closed and locked.

In the meantime, the wagon has arrived. Soon it is piled high with kit and duffle, and the load roped securely. It leaves at a quarter after one; to be followed inside of ten minutes by the troop, marching to "Oh, Didn't He Ramble?"

Taking the same short cut as was made when you came to camp, you come out on the road in time to see the wagon turn a bend ahead. "Ah, escort to the baggage wagon,"

some one says. But strangely enough, you never catch up to it; in fact, after your first stop for rest, you see no more of it till you get to the station. The walk does not seem so long as it was when you came out, and everybody finishes fresh and strong.

Back to Civilization. — Again the Scouts scatter to post-office and drug-stores. And again an unexpected trumpet call of assembly brings them running, leaving unfinished ice-cream sodas behind. It is ten minutes to train time, and all the baggage must not only be checked, but moved to another place on the platform. And the baggageman is almost rattled. Not so the Scout Master, however. "Train's due at 3.15, boys. They told us to unload the baggage in the wrong place. We carry packs and blanket-rolls with us, so pick out the ones that belong to you, and set them in a long row beside the station. Then move the rest of the stuff over beside that truck with the trunks on it, as fast as we tie the tags on. Quick now! Fall, out!"

With the baggageman writing tags furiously, "Still Bill" Milburn quietly telling him the number of bags, boxes, and bundles of poles, taking the tags as fast as they are written, tearing off the check and passing the remainder to Mr. Tilton, the Judge, and Sirdar to fasten on bag, box, or bundle as directed; with the Scouts running back and forth carrying the baggage in a continuous stream, while the Scout Master keeps an eye on everything, and with a group of onlookers taking it all in, the job is finished in plenty of time.

"Gosh!" exclaims the baggageman. "We done it anyhow. Nothing like system. Here she comes."

"Fall in!" And as the train comes to a halt, the troop,

in heavy marching order, stand ready. "Right, Face. Last coach, Casey. Forward, double time, March."

It is only a one-minute stop, and the conductor, watch in hand, hurries forward to expedite the loading of the baggage. You stick your head out of the window and see bags of duffle, chests, bundles of poles, trunks, flying into the baggage car in true baggage smashing style.

"Bo-o-o-a-a-rd!" And you're off.

Home. — No skylarking on the train; Boy Scouts don't do that sort of thing. Not even at the expense of the grouchy conductor, who complains that the packs and blanket-rolls should have been checked, and makes the boys crowd back in the rear half of the coach; apparently just to satisfy his grouch, since the car was practically empty when you boarded it and no passengers come in at the next and last stop. The fife, drum, and trumpet corps cut loose with their liveliest music, when it is evident that you have the coach to yourselves. The Cluck-Clucks give the troop some fun by pretending to initiate their new member, Rooster, and demand that he make a speech. "Nothing to say, gentlemen," says he, "except that I couldn't help getting into the Clan, being a sure-enough rooster."

Some songs, more music by the "band," and unexpectedly the Scout Master's whistle. "Sling your packs, boys. We'll be home in two minutes."

Off the train at last; the hike to headquarters with friends all along the way waving a welcome; a brief talk by the Scout Master expressing his satisfaction and pleasure in the success of the camp; three cheers; the troop yell; then home, on the run, every fellow for himself. After all, "there's no place like home."

CHAPTER XV

AFTER THOUGHTS

BRUSH the stove with a wire brush, and give it a coating of oil or grease before storing it away. Protect knives and tinware in the same manner.

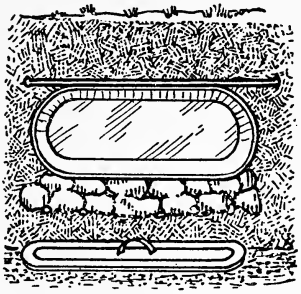
Do not store tents away so long as there is any question about their being perfectly dry, even if they are guaranteed mildew-proof.

It is sheer foolishness to post a guard at night around any properly situated Boy Scout camp. Not only that, it is a hardship no Boy Scout troop should allow themselves to be subjected to. A guard is posted about a military camp in time of peace for the practice, and to prevent soldiers and others from coming and going at will, at the expense of the discipline of the camp. The Scout Master who cannot maintain discipline in his camp without making his boys walk post had better not go to camp.

Camp is the best place of all to get characteristic photographs of the Scouts. Take a camera if you can, and plenty of films. Snap pictures when no one is looking; they are often the best. Get up close, so the figures in your pictures will be large.

The clothes-line, for drying bathing suits and towels, should not be in a conspicuous place; have it among the trees, behind the cook-tent. No Scout with any pride in the appearance of the camp will hang things to dry on the guy-ropes of his tent.

A small milk-can makes the best water cooler. Good to pack things in, going to camp and returning. Wrap burlap around it, wet the burlap, and place in the shade where the breeze will strike it, to cool by evaporation.



A Wash-Boiler Oven

Build it in a clay bank, with a couple of pieces of iron to protect the boiler, and a double layer of stones under it. Line the lid with wood. Build a good hot fire in it and let burn for about three hours, to sweat the earth around the boiler. When you want to bake, build a hot fire in it and leave for a half hour; then draw the fire and put on the lid and prop it shut. When you think the temperature is about right, get in your bread, fish, or whatever you have to bake, in a hurry, and the lid on again. It will require some experimenting, but in the end you should do good baking with this oven, which I learned to make from my friend C. C. Carroll, a veteran of the Civil War, who "baked between battles."

Beware of the "cold places" in spring-fed lakes and streams; they are fine for fish, but dangerous to bathers.

Never go into the water immediately after a meal or when overheated; to do so is to invite cramp.

Bather's cramp is not a cramp in a leg, as many boys suppose, but abdominal cramp.

On a rainy day, a "mudified marathon" around the camp is good fun. It should be a handicap.

One of the advantages of pitching the camp in a circle, as advised in an earlier chapter, is that on a rainy day, any one, in any of the tents, can see into two thirds of the other tents; providing, of course, the tent flaps are tied up.

Signal practice and observation tests are good rainy-day activities. So also is "bobbing" for apples, in a big pail in the mess-tent.

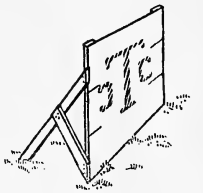
Tomahawk throwing, though interesting, has no useful purpose, is hard on Scout axes, and is rather dangerous. A hundred times better keep a set of boxing gloves going.

If you take up boxing, do not expect to make any progress by going at it gently. Therefore, make up your mind to take your share of thumps. Keep your eyes on your adversary's eyes and his gloves. And never set yourself except to hit. The principle of catching a baseball applies to boxing, in that if you are not rigidly set when a blow lands on you it will hurt less. At the same time, remember that you must not be off your balance, or it will perhaps knock you down. Boxing is no sport for a slow-poke; a good, clean, manly sport, when not overdone or abused.

Although guard duty against the possible intrusion of outsiders is silly, night watching and scouting among Boy Scouts is great fun and fine practice. But know your ground beforehand. It is not only highly disconcerting, but it is decidedly dangerous, to run full tilt into a ditch or a wire fence in the dark.

On rainy days be sure your cot does not come against the wall of the tent. Do not touch the tent roof, for it will leak where you touch it. Guy-ropes must be loose when it starts to rain or they will break, or pull out the tent stakes, or tear out the grommets of the tent, so greatly do they contract when wet.

Provision boxes, camp-chests, barrels of potatoes, and the like, should not rest directly on the ground. Raise them on a couple of sticks to prevent damage from ground dampness or rain.



A Sign-Board Scaling Wall

Discipline is not something to restrain transgression; it is not the spirit of the schoolmaster. It is the working plan of coöperation and equal rights. The best thing it does is to teach us to discipline ourselves. And the man who has himself well disciplined never needs, and seldom does have, anybody else to discipline him.

Unless there is abundant clean, clear water in lake or stream at the camp, there should be a regular washing bench, with wash-basins and water buckets, and a trench and sink to receive the slops. Also, similar provision must be made for dishwashing.

Remember that sunlight and dryness are good disinfectants, and have these washing benches out in the open. Do not allow water to be slopped about and the ground tramped into mud.

Watch out for poison ivy, poison oak, and poison sumac. See "The Boy Scout's Hike Book," page 229, for a quick, effective, harmless, and simple cure.

Reveille and retreat are the only trumpet calls to be sounded by all the trumpeters united.

Ticks, as well as blankets, need to be aired and dried in the sun, especially after damp weather.

If second-grade tents, new or second hand, are used, each tent should have a good 10-ounce fly to stretch over it. Eight-ounce tents are fairly satisfactory if each is provided with a good fly. If the troop can afford them, flies will be a good investment to use in connection with even the best of tents, making them cooler and quite rain-proof.

In selecting your white enamel camping dishes, choose a deep plate instead of the ordinary flat kind.

Dining tables should be 30 inches high, and not less than 2 feet wide; three 10-inch boards are best. Cover with yard-wide white oilcloth.

Make an entire change of clothing, if possible, when going to bed. But cover underclothing with your Scout shirt or coat, or it will be damp to put on in the morning.

Don't neglect to cut long grass and weeds in or about the camp; they harbour mosquitoes, and mosquitoes carry the malaria microbe.

The services of a professional cook may or may not be

desirable; personally, I would vote against hiring one. If one is employed, this does not mean he will do all the work of preparing the meals. Unless the troop is an unusually small one, he will need a helper, and the wood cut and water carried for him.

Dig the fire trench in line with the direction the prevailing winds blow. Do not dig it nearly as wide as the "stove," as the walls are bound to crumble. In loose, sandy soil, wall the trench with stones. This is an excellent plan in any event, as the stones retain the heat. A trench conserves heat; also the fire in it is not nearly so hot to work by as an open fire on the surface of the ground.

The folding camp stove illustrated in Chapter VI is improved by banking earth against the sides; less apt to scorch your shins.

You can pitch a tent-fly over the trench stove described, but not over an open fire. This may be desirable as protection against both sun and rain.

The Water-Carrier's Yoke

If you are handy with tools, try your hand at making a yoke for carrying water. Not an easy job, but if you make a good yoke the troop will cherish it.

Soft wood is good enough for cooking on hikes, but for the big fire hole at the troop encampment you want hardwood; and you want it split. A crosscut saw will prove a blessing, if one can be borrowed or hired. One would be excellent troop property but for the difficulty of transporting

it. If you get one, have it short; remove the handles, and pack between a couple of thin boards for transportation.

Do not go in for a special "feed" with a few other Scouts, during the encampment. You will not need the food, and you may depend upon it your feast will not make you popular with the Scouts who are not in on it. This is a species of self-indulgence and selfishness which should be taboo in every troop. Beside, the Scout Master, if he is onto his job, will not allow anything in the tents that will attract flies.

Red pepper, judiciously applied, will discourage ants from operating in your tent.

There should be a wash day in any camp lasting more than eight days.

Remember the dish towels, to keep them clean and dry. Have plenty of them, and don't be afraid of washing them too soon.

The milk-cans must be washed scrupulously clean, dried thoroughly, and well aired in the sunshine, or sour milk may be expected. If keeping milk in a spring or ice box or a camper's cellar, pour off what is needed for a meal into another vessel and leave the can where it is. To take the can out, perhaps in the heat of the sun at mid-day, for a half hour, then return it to the cooler, will result in souring the milk that remains in it.

Hang hams and bacon in cheesecloth bags in the coolest place available; screen with leafy branches to keep flies away.

If making camp on an old camping ground, last used by some one less cleanly than Boy Scouts, beware of pieces of board with rusty nails in them. Also of old tin cans with hornet's nests in them.

Be sure to take a pair of rubbers to camp, unless you intend to go barefooted mornings while the dew is on the grass. If you can get hold of a pair of light-weight oilskin breeches you may find it profitable to have them along, too. You may want to hike out through tall grass and bushes early some morning, and that is sure to be the time when the dew is the worst.

If you have a rainy camp and there is no floor in your tent, procure straw, hay, corn-fodder, broom-corn, palmetto leaves, sedge, dead grass, or spruce or cedar boughs, to put down in a thick mat for the floor of your tent. There is nothing more disagreeable or undesirable than a mirey tent floor. A good, thick ground-cloth covering the entire floor-space of the tent is an excellent thing, but should not be put down on wet ground; protect it from the mud, both top and bottom, as suggested.

Although it cannot be spliced, in the ordinary sense of the term, braided window-sash cord is much more satisfactory for camp use than the common cable-laid cotton clothes-line so much used. It is somewhat stiff, but is much stronger and more durable.

Don't forget that two camp kettles, one smaller than the other, will make a good double boiler. Simply put a few small stones in the big one, add some water, then stand

the smaller vessel on the stones. Will prevent scorching rice, oatmeal, and the like.

One half teaspoonful of essence of ginger in one or two tablespoonfuls of water, is a good remedy for abdominal cramp. Taken internally of course! This also, by the way, is one of the quickest and best stimulants. Can be given instead of whisky or brandy and stimulates as quickly.

Tincture of iodine is a "surface antiseptic," and not efficient for use in puncture wounds, as from a nail. It coagulates the albumen in the blood, and so prevents itself from penetrating the wound.

For a fresh wound, use a 5 per cent. solution (1 teaspoonful in 4 ounces of water) of carbolic acid, for from five to ten minutes. After that, use a 1 per cent. (1 teaspoonful in 1 pint of water) solution for a wet dressing, which may be kept on for twenty-four hours. *Be sure to shake the mixture well.* And never allow a carbolic acid dressing to become dry, as it will blister if you do. These dressings, of course, are to be applied if there is reason to suspect the wound being infected.

To use bichlorid of mercury (antiseptic), put 1 tablet in a pint of water (1 to 1,000 solution) and apply as a wet dressing for one hour, but no longer; do not permit to become dry, as it will blister. After one hour, make a 1 to 4,000 solution (1 tablet in 4 pints of water) and use as described above for 1 per cent. solution of carbolic acid. These *poisons* should not be allowed outside of the Red Cross tent.

An excellent dry dressing, to be applied after a wet dress-

ing has been used for twenty-four hours (if germ infection is suspected), is aristol powder, which comes in a shaker can. Sunlight is a valuable aid to healing, and a dry dressing should not be bandaged. This powder is good to use on sores arising from sunburn, as they frequently do; especially on the shoulders, if blisters form and are broken. Swimming plays hob with blistered shoulders.

A very good wet dressing for sprains, bruises, swollen feet (from walking), poison ivy, and for strains or sore muscles is a solution of lead and opium, commonly sold by drug-stores in proper solution for use. For convenience, if taking a supply to camp, it is better to get it in the concentrated form, 4 ounces of which makes a quart of solution. Lyquor aluminum acetate may be preferred because being non-poisonous, but is less efficient in allaying pain.

Abdominal cramp, toothache, cuts, bruises, strains, etc., as prescribed for above, and touched upon (toothache only) in Chapter V, may well enough be attended to by the Scout himself; but the taking or administering of *medicine* should be directed at the Red Cross tent. For reasons why, see Chapter VI.

If you cannot swim, get a pair of "water wings" to take to camp with you; they will help you more than anything else — except confidence.

No matter how "tough" you may think it looks, never carry a sheath knife. You have no possible need for one; an ordinary Scout knife answers all your purposes. More than one man has been killed by falling on his knife or

otherwise accidentally causing it to pierce its sheath (perhaps defective) and wound him.

Keep kerosene out of the commissary tent.

Camping provides an excellent test of friendship; the rougher the trip, the better the test. Consequently, to find a friend in camp is often equivalent to finding one for life. This alone makes well worth while the camper's necessity of taking the bitter with the sweet. But there are plenty of other results equally as good. And in the years that follow, the happy bowl of retrospection contains no pleasanter brew than the bittersweet blended of the trials and the joys of bygone camps.

THE END

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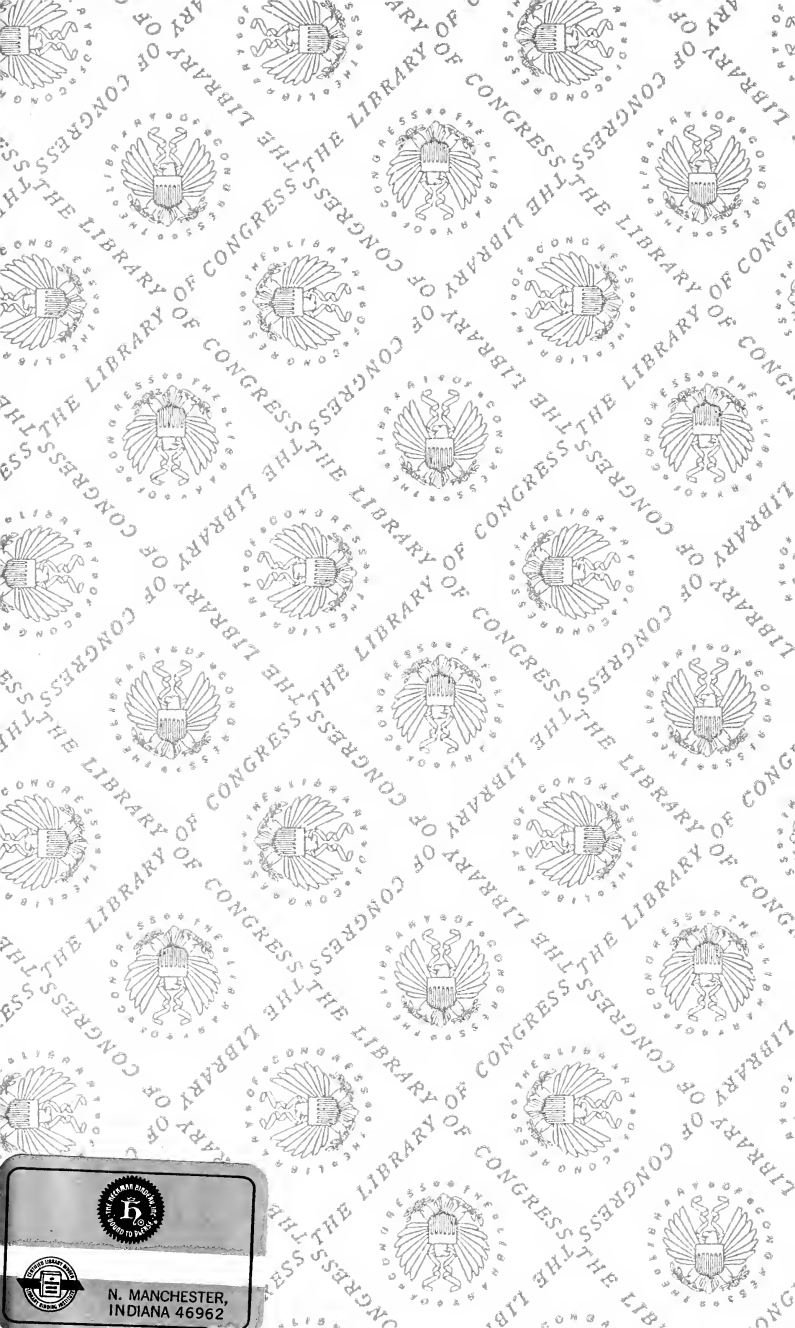

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